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ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NEW YORK, MARCH 7, 1895.



THE COUNTESS DE CASTELLANE (née ANNA GOULD).

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ONCE A WEEK

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1895.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

Will co-operation eventually furnish the pacific and complete solution of the vexed railroad labor problem?

A FORTNIGHT has not elapsed since I ventured to suggest, in ONCE A WEEK, that the admission of the immense army of railroad employees to a proportionate share in all profits over a ten per cent, rigidly reserved for stockholders would blot out discontent, and put new energy into the work of all classes employed on the roads. Yet already, from all sections of the country, come reports of efforts to launch analogous schemes—each based upon the central idea of co-operation.

THIS means that the American nation, in its usual plain, practical way, without fuss or feathers, is at work hunting out the most equitable manner of regulating the differences, at present so acute, between Capital and Labor. And the nation finds, exactly as I found, that the lesson of the great strikes in Buffalo and Brooklyn is as follows:

Labor and Capital are two parts of a Society each part of which is dependent on the other. War between those elements must inevitably tend to destruction of the whole. Now, as nobody, except a few unhealthy Socialists, wishes to witness the disintegration of Society in which and by which we all live, the reconciliation of the temporarily hostile elements is imperative. It can be accomplished solely by concession on both sides. Co-operation furnishes the form of concession least onerous to either side; therefore set co-operation at work.

NATURALLY there must be a great variety of experiments, and some of them must be failures. Locally we are bound to follow with keen interest all discussions like that which the Social Reform Club in Brooklyn has just started, on the question of municipal ownership of street railroads.

IT is not strange that after the recent antics of trolley corporations and trolley workmen in our great sister city its inhabitants should be anxiously seeking for plans preventive of similar disturbances in future. The Social Reform Club wants to safeguard the rights of corporations—the rights of the thousands who invest in the stock of those corporations; and at the same time to guarantee the rights of the workmen. Their argument will probably lead them straight to those mutual concessions which can be accomplished only through the medium of co-operation.

THE people are in earnest in this matter. A bill which endeavors to deal with the questions of municipal ownership and control of railroads is before the Legislature at present. But the Legislature has too

many other municipal problems before it to handle this one satisfactorily at this session. Yet might not the settlement of the labor question reasonably take precedence of all the others? I consider that some plan might be adopted not calculated to interfere with private enterprise.

FROM the West comes an echo of the general cry for co-operation. Young Chicago has had her gaze fixed intently upon Brooklyn during the late troubles; and she has, with characteristic energy, determined to be "wise in time." She believes that it may be wise, at least, to undertake a wholesale experiment in co-operation, with regard to the municipal control of surface transit lines, and is half inclined to extend it to electric lighting and other needs of city life.

SHE is meeting the foreseen objections of the corporations half-way by offering to co-operate with them. She frankly recognizes them as the pioneers, and will take account of their franchises, when they have been legitimately obtained. Yet she will insist upon municipal control of all surface lines, and doubtless of elevated lines as well, in the interests of the people.

IT is said that all the capital necessary can be had at once for the project. The city, taking over all old lines, would continue to amplify the system to suit public wants. And the lion of the Corporation and the lamb of Labor would lie down together—the lamb for once outside of the lion.

IS it a golden dream—a fancy born of the frisky atmosphere of the prairies? Or is it a practical scheme, leading directly to co-operation as its ultimate and logical result? It is too early to answer this question. Two well-defined movements in two of our largest cities certainly show that the nation is losing no time. Labor and Capital should hasten to make their claims, so that each may know the limit of concessions demanded by the other. Meantime the questions of detail—such as permanence of employment, method of securing places, ratio of profit, etc., can be taken up and discussed one by one.

ON the other side of the Atlantic the question is canvassed as earnestly as here. The London County Council is gradually bringing urban railways as well as licenses, theatres and water works under its thumb. Municipalities everywhere are beginning to appreciate the folly of allowing the creatures to which they have given life to defy them openly.

BIMETALLISM is coming to the front. Movements have been made almost at the same moment by Germany, France and England toward securing an international conference on the subject. In the British House of Commons a resolution was agreed to without division expressing apprehension at the constant fluctuation of the values of gold and silver, and the evident increasing divergence of the values of the two metals. It is significant that Sir William Harcourt expressed himself as ready to co-operate with any movement initiated by France and England, but he suggested that any future international conference should be for definite action and not for mere academic discussion.

THE Senate finance committee has reported in favor of appointing nine delegates to an international monetary conference, three to be named by the President, and the other six to be composed of an equal number of Senators and Representatives. It is not clear why these six should be taken absolutely from the Senate or House of Representatives. Far better leave the choice of all the delegates to the President, who would then be free to invite the best men to act as conferees with the wise men of Europe. If this monetary question is ever to be settled on a satisfactory basis it will be by international agreement, and through the deliberations of the ablest, most experienced and most expert men available in each country.

THE great Austrian petroleum refinery at Fiume is beginning to use the Pennsylvania crude product, taking 1,224,149 gallons recently. Heretofore it has used Russian petroleum exclusively.

THERE is a laudable disposition on the part of Senators of both parties to give some place to sentiment and historical association in the treatment of public buildings or those once occupied by distinguished men in Washington. Senator Gray's recent utterances on this subject do him honor.

JAPAN has distinctly declared to Great Britain that she is not desirous of intervention in the struggle between China and herself by any European Power.

CARL BOCK, Sweden's Consul-General in Shanghai, was recently appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Chinese Court, and has written a very interesting account of his reception in the Pink City, which no foreigners save those on special missions are allowed to enter. He describes the Emperor of China as small and slender, with a very sympathetic face of light color, a broad forehead, and heavy eyebrows above a pair of beautiful, flashing eyes. He was dressed in a dark violet cloak and a fur cap without any button. The Emperor is twenty-four, but looks like a beardless youth of sixteen.

DEAN HOLE says that the public, technical and trade schools of the United States are far superior to those of England.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH B. CARR, of Troy, died at his home in that city on February 25, of cancer. General Carr was a gallant soldier, and his coolness and courage in handling troops in the Civil War received great commendation. During the railroad riots in 1877 he rendered efficient aid to the State. He was prominent in Republican State politics for many years.

WELL, what a relief! No daily buzz from Washington! The catalogue of what the retiring Congress did not accomplish would fill many ponderous volumes.

SAMUEL DANA HORTON, of Ohio, one of the most forcible writers on bimetalism in the United States, died in Washington, February 23. He was one of the American delegates to the Paris Monetary Conference of 1878.

THE Toronto University students, seven hundred in number, went on strike last week because one of their favorite professors was dismissed. His offense was that he publicly ranged himself on the side of the students who, of late, have been criticising the faculty for inefficiency, and petitioning the Government for an investigation. The dismissal of Professor Dale brought matters to a focus. The boys pledged themselves to abstain from attendance at lectures, and for a week the professors were confronted with empty benches. President Loudon was thus forced into a capitulation. He has promised to meet a committee appointed by the students and to consider their grievances and demands. Pending the result of the negotiations, the boys have resumed their attendance at lectures; but the relations between them and the faculty are strained, and it is difficult to see how their differences are to be settled without the swallowing of much humble pie by the faculty.

THE House of Representatives has passed a bill providing for compulsory arbitration, by creating a board empowered to decide all controversies between railroads and their employees which cannot be adjusted by mutual arrangement, and making the decisions of the Board enforceable in the United States courts sitting as courts of equity. The bill was earnestly recommended by the leaders of most of the railroad labor organizations in the country, and by the Commissioner of Labor.

THE members of the old Icarian community near Corning, Ia., have given up the experiment of a community of property, and decided to separate. The founder of the company was a Frenchman named Cabot. The first location of the "family" was near New Orleans; but it migrated slowly Westward, until it reached Iowa.

So long as the Iowa farmers were in distress, as they were for a considerable period, the "community" thought it had an object-lesson before its eyes. But the spectacle of individual prosperity which Iowa has presented in many sections of late was probably too much for the last of the Icarians.

THE funeral of Frederick Douglass in Washington brought out a vast throng of colored people grateful for his services to their race; and many distinguished white men and women joined in tribute to the great orator's virtues. The most interesting remarks were those of Miss Susan B. Anthony, who read a letter from the venerable Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Frederick Douglass was a lifelong worker for the cause which these ladies have nearest at heart.

BASEBALL has at last made its way in England, and clubs are now organized all over the Kingdom.

SARAH BERNHARDT is to produce "Gismonda" in London early in May.

THE New York Sun proposes a statue to Fenimore Cooper, to be erected in the City Hall Park. Why not? The metropolis should long ago have had a memorial of the great novelist. Why not a statue of Washington Irving also?



THE Prince of Wales has been ailing seriously since he caught cold while playing hockey on the ice, on Buckingham Palace ponds recently, and he has left hurriedly for the Riviera. The story is current that noted doctors have informed him that he cannot live more than a year longer. But Albert Edward is not the sort of man to be frightened by such a declaration. He has seen too many men, condemned by physicians, living on and on in defiance of prophecy. His own opinion is said to be that he overtaxed his strength in Russia, and needs a long period of rest.

ALL his hard work in Russia appears to have effected but little save to procure Russia a loan which she may yet use in preparations against England. The talk of an Anglo-Russian alliance is heard no more. No prominent politician in either country seems to think it probable. Even joint action in the Orient is no longer discussed. Meantime the Franco-Russian alliance is going ahead again at full speed.

If they had not an alliance with the Russians the French would hardly be so bold in opposition to the continuance of British rule in Egypt as they are of late. The Egyptian cloud is a dark one. Lord Cromer may banish the Khedive for aspiring to a "national" Government, but he can neither banish nor suppress the Egyptian national party. It is a force with which he must count immediately. And he must have more troops at his back, if he would stay in Egypt.

SENATOR MATT W. RANSOM, of North Carolina, has received the appointment of Minister to Mexico, to succeed the late Isaac Pusey Gray, of Indiana, and has been confirmed. Senator Ransom is well qualified for good service in a diplomatic post.

FORTY-TWO of the Hawaiian insurrectionists have thus far received sentences by the military commission at Honolulu. A number of British business men have accepted the privilege of leaving the country in preference to standing trial before the Commission. It is hinted that in case of a probability of annexation there would be a general amnesty of all offenders.

LORD SALISBURY says that when the people of Great Britain "clearly and openly decide by deliberate, determined vote in favor of Home Rule, the House of Lords will not resist their will." All of which means that he is desperately hanging upon the chance of new elections for saving the bacon of the much-endangered Peers.

LONDON presents a lively example of municipal corruption just now. It appears from a bitter and animated debate which took place in the School Board recently that the bulk of an income of four million dollars, supposed to be devoted to that Board, is wasted in salaries for sinecures. A large number of useless officials are paid perfectly enormous salaries. No less than five hundred thousand dollars annually is expended in eating and drinking. Ah! Honest John! what an intolerable deal of sack and roast beef to a few pennyworths of education!

THE plundering by the "City Companies" has been notorious for a quarter of a century. It has been so shameless that the "Rings" have boasted of giving festivals just to throw money away, and this while people were starving in the streets. Most American visitors to London who have carried letters of introduction have been present at some of the Gargantuan feasts at which "magnums" of champagne, oysters at sixpence apiece, strawberries from Nice in mid-winter, and costliest game were served in enormous quantities; and they have wondered, doubtless, how the London taxpayer liked such extravagance.

THE unification of London, now urged forward with great energy by the County Council, will necessitate the absorption of the old "City," with its antique privileges and "livery companies," and it will put a stop to the guzzling and gluttony of those fine old plunderers. No doubt they will fight the measure desperately in Parliament. For to be deprived of the fleshpots would leave life a barren wilderness in their eyes. But their defeat is considered certain. And some colossal municipal scandals will come out during the debate.

THE lower branch of California's Legislature has passed a bill giving suffrage to women, although the State Constitution absolutely forbids it.

NINETEEN MILLION gallons of California wine have been contracted for this spring, presumably for Eastern consumption.

It is said that the new French President expended one hundred thousand francs in furnishing half a bottle of wine to every soldier in the Army to drink his health.

COLONEL WARING says that it will require two million dollars annually to clean all the streets of this city of the various snowfalls of an average winter.

MR. E. C. BENEDICT, the well-known banker, has purchased the Indian Harbor Hotel property at Greenwich, Conn., for one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Mr. Benedict will erect a fine country seat there.

THE National Council of Women at Washington, at its recent enthusiastic and well-attended convention, took occasion to allude to the "general impression" that woman in the modern business world is an interloper, taking the place which rightfully belongs to man. I think it is by no means true that there is any such "general impression" among men—particularly men of breadth of view or direct influence upon business and politics. Women have their well-defined limits of activity; and if they are coming gradually to occupy a good many places which men had preempted, it is just as well for society that the men should be pushed into broader fields of activity.

FULLY three millions of women in this country daily earn their bread in industrial and commercial pursuits, and the number is steadily increasing. It is not strange that the Council should plead for the same pay for women as men, when both are doing the same kind of work in the same number of hours. But Society is chary of according this, because it looks upon wage or salary work as merely an episode in woman's career; whereas it is the normal life condition of man, whose wage or salary must ultimately provide for a whole family.

DUE account should be taken of the great increase of national wealth furnished by the entrance of the three millions of women toilers upon the industrial scene. It has been said that one of the explanations of the wonderful wealth of modern France—of the fact that in every emergency it is able to fall back upon a huge store of economized gold—is that the seventeen millions of women in the country participate almost as much as the seventeen millions of men in the nation's commerce and industries. They are merchants and bookkeepers and manufacturers and farmers side by side with their fathers and husbands and brothers; and they are withal as womanly women as any in Europe. They certainly furnish an engaging object-lesson.

RUSSIA is said to be mobilizing troops along the frontier of Armenia.

LORD SUDELY has been obliged by the hard times in England to sell his estates, which have descended from father to son in unbroken line since the Norman Conquest.

THE old Peru meeting-house in Massachusetts, one of the most famous and ancient of New England churches, was burned on the night of February 22. From its roof the rain flowed on the east side into the Connecticut River, on the west into the Hoosic. The church was about a hundred years old.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, who hid himself in the lavatory behind the Speaker's chair to escape the recent party vote in the House of Commons, is considerably nettled at finding that all London knows the story, and is laughing over it.

A STROKE of the "grip" laid up Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour on the same day when a "party vote" of great importance was due.

COUNT STOZZI, whose whole fortune was lost in building speculations in Rome, became so reduced that his daughter stole some jewels to keep her parents from starving. The judge would sentence her to but twelve days imprisonment, because of the motive of her theft.

MASCAGNI recently showed an organ-grinder how to play the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" in correct tempo. Next day the grinder appeared on the streets with a placard in front of his organ. On it was printed: "Pupil of Mascagni."

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW has been presented with a gavel by the "Sons of the American Revolution," on the occasion of his sixth election as their president.

MR. JOHN HARE, an able and distinguished English comedian, intends to make a professional tour in this country next year.

WASHINGTON is reported once to have said that the United States Senate was "the saucer into which we pour legislation to cool." It certainly has cooled a good many projects of law lately, and absolutely frozen some out by its interminable delays.

GEORGE L. PEASE, late president of the Shoe and Leather Bank of this city, died from apoplexy on February 25.

THE German papers are both indignant and merry over the new attempt to make free speech concerning religion or marriage a penal offense. The bill is aimed at the Socialist press, but is thought none the less to be an arbitrary straining of power.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL BISSELL has sent his resignation to President Cleveland, as he is desirous of returning to the practice of his profession. It is expected that Congressman William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, the author of the tariff bill, will be appointed to fill the vacancy.

A TERRIBLE explosion of gas in an Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe White Ash Mine, three miles from Cerrillos, in New Mexico, killed nearly four hundred men, February 27.

PRINCE BISMARCK recently said to a visiting delegation: "When I reckon up my few minutes of real happiness in life I am hardly able to make them amount to twenty-four hours."

BROOKLYN'S City Hall lost its cupola, its great bell and its statue of Justice by a smart fire, February 26.

THE National Council of Women has elected Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson its president for three years.

THE project of an International Press Confederation has grown out of last year's exhibition at Antwerp. Some good names are connected with it.

SOUTH DAKOTA has finally rejected woman suffrage.

AN order in council has been issued in France, forbidding the importation of American cattle on account of alleged Texas fever and pleuropneumonia.

MONT BLANC is to be surmounted by a railroad. It will take passengers from the ravine of Miazas to a place where an elevator running in a vertical well will hoist passengers to the summit. The road will cost two million dollars, and ten years will be required to complete it.

VICEROY LI HUNG-CHANG is to have full power to conclude peace with Japan without referring the matter to Peking.

QUEEN VICTORIA will be installed at the Hotel Cimiez on the Riviera, March 16. She will travel with one hundred and thirty-four trunks.

THE death of Charles G. Loeber, the inventor of an airship on a new model, and one which was thought by many to be a successful application of a new principle, is announced. The inventor died just as his plan was to be tested.

CZAR NICHOLAS has received a large number of threatening letters from the Nihilists.

JOSEPH ARCH, the lifelong helper in Parliament of the downtrodden English agricultural laborer, will have to leave his post unless a fund is raised for him, his own resources being exhausted. This is held to be another argument for paying salaries to members of Parliament.

THE recent revolt of the populace at Acerra, near Naples, was caused by the crushing city duties. Other riots will follow unless the Italian people are released from their intolerable burdens.

It appears that the surviving officers of the Elbe can be examined only by a German court of inquiry. As this may be postponed for some time, the coming British Board of Trade's inquest on the collision may prove somewhat incomplete. The public is anxious to hear all stories of the matter as speedily as possible.

MOSES KIMBALL, founder of that excellent theatre, the Boston Museum, died the other day, full of years and honors. He served for a long time in the Massachusetts Legislature, and was a keen critic of jobs and shams. His brother, associated with him in the theatrical business, was asked one day what he found to do. "Oh," he answered, "it takes all my time to look after Moses and the profits."



The Eastern Situation



The New York City Medical Situation



The New York City Medical Situation



THE RECONCILIATION.—SCENE FROM THE PROLOGUE OF "MADAME SANS GENE."

THE REAL "MADAME SANS GENE."

THE arrival at Abbey's Theatre of Rejane and her sprightly company of players from that famous home of Parisian comedy, the Vaudeville, was naturally hailed as one of the chief events of our local theatrical season. But it derived an added and piquant interest from the fact that the play in which Rejane made her debut in New York has been sumptuously produced here in English, and still holds the stage at the Broadway. It is a play written by a master expressly for Rejane, in order to bring out her peculiar gifts in surroundings which would possess not only local, but universal interest; in short, it is Sardou's letter of introduction, given to the Rejane who had captivated Paris, to be used in London and New York and other capitals which have manifested a desire to see her since she has attained distinction. Was it an advantage or a disadvantage for the French actress that the role of "Madame Sans Gene" had received an American interpretation by Miss Kathryn Kidder before she could appear here? That is a question into which the complex element of nationality enters, and which would doubtless lead to endless discussion. Let us set it aside,

and content ourselves with noting some essential characteristics of the performance of each actress in the role of the warm-hearted, impulsive, ignorant woman of the people, who, after having been a laundress and an army follower, becomes a Duchess of the ready-made Napoleonic Empire.

Rejane, born to the stage, niece of an actress, student of every premiere in Paris for years before her mother allowed her to act, came to the role as if to her legitimate inheritance. Parisienne to the tips of her dainty finger-nails, she has in highest degree the strange inexplicable charm of those little women who dazzle you without being pretty, whose kaleidoscopic attitudes and infinite range of expression, whose bewitching femininity and seductive grace attract and compensate for many defects of face and figure, voice and gesture. She is "Froufrou" incarnate, this butterfly creature all sunshine and movement, who never pauses, but perpetually hovers in the sunshine of her own smile. Even when there are tears, the radiance of the frolic mood still lingers. The art of Rejane in that masterly prologue where she is seen in her laundry has that vaporous, effervescent, ethereal quality shown by

Eleonora Duse in comedy. But Duse is helped less by nature than Rejane is. A Parisienne of "the people," acting out her own self, is what we see in Rejane as "Madame Sans Gene." The witchery of the "belle Catherine Hulscher" is the same that Jeanne and Albertine and Georgette employ, unconsciously, every hour of their waking lives in the Paris of to-day. The tender devotion, the stormy passion, the fine rallery, the irony in presence of shams, the indignation at injustice, the coquetry which brings an upstart Emperor to her feet, the virtuous energy which compels him to do justice, the patriotism which thrills at the august names of the army and the flag—all these things, so exquisitely and lavishly contrasted and displayed in the character of the outspoken Duchess, are given in just proportions by Rejane.

Some one has said that "the sense of measure is the chief French quality." Of nothing too much; of everything in its proper place. It is by the absence of undue emphasis that Rejane shows herself a consummate artist. And perhaps we might say that her American rival (shall we allot to Miss Kathryn Kidder the honors of rivalry?) errs by a trifle too much of emphasis

on the "telling" points. The true copyist of life will not urge the attention of an audience to life-like things; by so doing there is danger of "forcing the note" — which is always fatal to every kind of Art.

While we unreservedly praise the French actress for being herself—lovable, and delightful in her capricious and constantly varied feminine ways; while we admire the subtlety of her art when she is constrained to employ art at all in this role of "Madame Sans Gene," we must not belittle the achievement of Miss Kathryn Kidder in giving to the character a charmingly original and interesting interpretation from an American point of view. If she lacks in one direction, she atones so admirably in another that one cannot truthfully consider her merely as a clever copyist; that would be to deny her real talent and the marked value of her personality. She would have been out of her element in endeavoring to portray one of those Parisiennes whose temperaments and taste cannot be borrowed, any more than the lily can borrow the especial perfume of the rose. So she has created a "Madame Sans Gene," who, while she may not be the one whom Sardou had in mind, is very likely the one which nine out of ten American playgoers would have in mind if they read the play before seeing it. The recognition of the fact that Miss Kidder had in the main fashioned the character for herself, depending little on French models, changed the attitude of those who at first went to scoff into one of respectful admiration; and this impression has deepened as the play at the Broadway has increased in age. I once saw the late William J. Florence play "Captain Cuttle" before an assemblage of London critics at a morning performance; and when it was over the most distinguished of the critics said that "it was not a British Captain Cuttle at all; that it was an American Captain Cuttle; but that it was a rattling good Captain Cuttle, and that he could see it again with pleasure." And so we may say with all sincerity and earnestness of Miss Kidder's "Madame Sans Gene" that while it may not be Parisienne, it is eminently human.

To sum up, Rejane is altogether lovely in a role in which Nature, and an Art the influences of which she has felt all her life, have done everything for her; Kathryn Kidder is quite as delightful in the same role, from another point of view, and without the advantages showered upon Rejane. And America is large enough for both of them.

M. Duquesne's Napoleon was rather disappointing. Frankly, I liked Mr. Augustus Cook's much better. So good an actor as Duquesne could not disappoint us unless he were the victim of a misconception. He impresses me as having been influenced by the hatred of Bonapartism which the Second Empire brought into France while he was studying the character of the arbiter of the First Empire. He is too brusque, too nervous, too petulant. He makes Napoleon like a martinet of this generation of French soldiers. This is wrong. I suspect Mr. Cook has been reading Masson and Levy and other recent writers, who paint Napoleon in soft colors, and has allowed them to affect his notions of the Little Corporal. M. Duquesne is too dry and hard; he makes Napoleon act as if he doubted his own superiority. Mr. Cook is more unctuous, subtle —always the master; more Italian. And we must allow for the Italian in the nature of Napoleon.

As for the minor characters in either version we need not discuss them. In both plays they are mainly adequate. The Fouché of Madame Rejane's company

ring, a superb emerald and diamond bracelet, and a string of pearls.

The bridegroom's brother, Count Jean Castellane, was best man; the ushers were M. Raoul Duval, Mr. Howard Gould and Prince del Drago. The bridesmaids



REJANE AS THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIG.

were Miss Helen Gould, Miss Catherine Cameron, Miss Addie Montgomery and Miss Beatrice Richardson.

The wedding gifts were very numerous and costly. Messrs. Tiffany & Co. were understood to have received orders for gifts to be sent to Miss Anna Gould to the amount of seventy thousand dollars. From Paris Mrs. J. C. Ayer sent a string of the finest pearls, to be worn

around the waist, and fastened by a diamond clasp, in the shape of a bow-knot—the fashion just now prevalent in the French capital. The floral decoration of the Gould mansion cost thirty thousand dollars.

The taming of the trolley has begun anew in Brooklyn. The chief thing to insist upon, in the interest of human safety, is that the speed shall never exceed ten miles an hour. Mayor Schieren promises to take immediate action on the recent report of the advisory committee appointed by himself to study the question.

GEORGE W. MCBRIDE, ex-Secretary of State for Oregon, has been elected United States Senator to succeed J. N. Dolph. His father was an Oregon pioneer of 1846.

The plans for the reorganization of the police in this city are all in the direction of concentration of power in the hands of the Superintendent. It is proposed to abolish the inspection districts.

AND now there is talk of a revival of the old Triple Alliance between Russia, Germany and Austria. John Bull will not like that.

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, who has made a lengthy tour in this country, sailed for England February 27.

It is now said that the Duchess d'Uzes provided the three million francs for the Boulangist propaganda in France on the assurance that the movement was a Royalist one. It is further alleged that the Orleans family agreed to pay back the money in case they came to the throne.

The subject chosen for the display at the New Orleans carnival this year was "Chronicles of Fairy



MADAME REJANE AS THE BLANCHISSEUSE.

Land," by Fergus Hume. The parade was unusually brilliant.

THE horses and carriages of Princess Colonna have been seized in Paris, in execution of the decree of the French court that the Princess must pay a fine of three hundred francs a day for every day's delay in the restitution of her children to the care of Prince Colonna.

THE Sicilian revolt, which was only crushed down, is springing up again.

THE Chinese gunboats were not smart enough to catch guns and war material worth four million dollars, which were recently smuggled into the Japanese naval station of Yokuska on an English steamer.

KING MENELEK of Abyssinia seems to be a great hunter of men. He is reported to have slain seven thousand rebellious tribesmen in a recent expedition.

THE German press advocates the dissolution of the present Reichstag, as its proceedings are a mockery of parliamentary legislation.

IF Tolstoi has bearded the young Czar, he has done a good work for the Russian people. A few straight talks from the old philosopher might awaken Nicholas to his danger.

RICHARD O'GORMAN, the distinguished Irish Nationalist, orator and jurist, died at his home in this city, February 28, aged seventy-five. Judge O'Gorman was born in Ireland and was a graduate of Trinity College. In 1848 he was indicted for high treason after his connection with the "Young Ireland" party, and escaped to this country. He was twice Corporation Counsel of this city, and in 1883 was elected Judge of the Superior Court, retiring at the age limit in 1890.

THE LATE LANDON CABELL GARLAND.

BY the death of the venerable Landon Cabell Garland, ex-Chancellor of Vanderbilt University, which occurred at Nashville, February 12, the cause of higher education in the South has suffered a severe loss. Dr. Garland was eighty-four years old, and had long been an invalid; but his sudden death from heart disease brought consternation and sorrow to a wide circle. He belonged to one of the oldest and most respected families in Virginia, related to the Clays and the Breckinridges. Mr. Garland was born in 1810, in Nelson County, in the Old Dominion; was graduated in 1829



THE LATE LANDON CABELL GARLAND.
(From photograph by W. G. and A. Thuss.)

at Hampton-Sidney College, and was professor of physics and chemistry for five years at Washington College, now Washington and Lee University. Later he became the president of Randolph-Macon College. He was one of the most distinguished of teachers in the South, and had held many high positions when he accepted the Chancellorship of Vanderbilt. He did a great work there until advancing years admonished him to retire, ten years ago.



THE JEALOUS LOVER—SCENE FROM THE PROLOGUE OF "MADAME SANS GENE."

is perhaps a more finished portrait than that of the Broadway cast. It has the grace of a miniature. As for the setting of the play, the Parisians have brought nothing to surprise us. We long ago ceased to be tributary to them in that branch of theatrical art.

EDWARD KING.

THE CASTELLANE-GOULD WEDDING.

THE marriage of Miss Anna Gould, daughter of the late Jay Gould, to Count de Castellane, of Paris, took place at the residence of the bride's brother, Mr. George Gould, on Fifth Avenue in this city, on Monday, March 4. Archbishop Corrigan officiating. The bride's dress was of plain white satin, trimmed with old point lace. She wore no ornaments except those given her by the bridegroom, a ruby and diamond

THE BEST MATCH IN TOWN.

A NOVEL,

BY EDGAR FAWCETT,

Author of "A New York Family," "An Ambitious Woman,"
"A Gentleman of Leisure," "The House at High Bridge,"
"The Evil that Men Do," etc., etc.

I.

"So they're positively engaged?"
"Not a doubt about it."
"Cornelia Dominick may have a few doubts, even yet."

"Oh, in that case she'd better dismiss them."

"Altogether the wisest policy."

"Yes; Ada's right."

"But Lily, is it announced?"

"Who's better authority than her own mother?"

"Dorothea's mother? She was never an authority in anything. She's been giving Dorothea her own way for twenty years."

"Twenty? Isn't Dorothea Rathburne a trifle older than that?"

Various voices, male and feminine, were speaking these words, and in the prattling fashion of evanescent idlers at an afternoon tea. Nearly everybody had been to four or five "places" before assembling here, in a certain very modish Madison Avenue drawing-room, and nearly everybody expected to appear at four or five more "places" before the westerling winter sun brought quick darkness into the uptown New York streets, and pricked with steely stars the cloudless heaven above the long monotones and monochromes of brown-stone fronts.

As for Dorothea Rathburne, the subject of this airy babble, she was indeed engaged, beyond dispute. And even at that moment she was saying to her mother, while she tossed aside a fresh congratulatory note, one of the scores which had lately come to her:

"Everybody appears to stike the same key."

"How is that, Dorothea?"

"Oh, I'm making such a mighty fine match, don't you know? Not that they actually say it, mamma, but the innuendo is there."

"And why should it *not* be, my dear?" softly cried her mother. "Can people refrain from treating this fact of your engagement as if it had reference to an ordinary person?"

"M—yes," mused Dorothea, and as though her reverie were a sarcastic one, as she leaned back in her chair, "you're reminding me, like everybody else, that he's an archangel."

She looked enchanting, as she said this. She had a longish, winsome, high-bred face, cut sensitively, and a sort of steady tea-rose color that was a perfect match for the flaxen loops and floods of her hair.

"There isn't a girl in the world who'd refuse him, Dorothea, and you know it! He's Gerard Spottiswoode, and it means a great deal to be Gerard Spottiswoode. It means, in the first place, an income of many, many thousands. That's the reason people are forever calling him the best match in town."

"Of course it is. But oh, mamma, why always put the income first?"

"Because money, nowadays, my dear, is put first by everybody everywhere."

"But brains, honorable repute—?"

"Gerard has both. He also has remarkable good looks."

"Who has remarkable good looks?" asked a voice in the doorway. And a gentleman named Renwick Rathburne, who was the husband of one of the ladies and the father of the other, came sauntering across an open threshold. "I hope you both mean me. I resent compliments paid to my own sex in the privacy of my own fireside unless I am the sole object of them."

Dorothea rose and went toward her father. She held one of his hands caressingly as she said:

"Oh, papa, can't you guess the paragon whom mamma is eulogizing?"

Renwick Rathburne looked down into his daughter's face. He could do so quite easily, since her height, tall for a woman, was less than his for a man. His presence was indeed imperial; his sweet, virile, faded face overtopped a figure of marked majesty.

"Of course, Doll. It's your new lover." He spoke very fondly and tenderly. "I've given you my felicitations, dearie, haven't I? And I've told you, too, how glad I am you're going to marry a man as irreproachable as Spottiswoode—a grand parti, in fact—since it's been your pleasure to look slightly on Adam Strangford . . ."

"Renwick!" rang from Mrs. Rathburne. She rose, frowning. You saw how like her daughter she might once have been, though her lines, both facial and physical, were now spoiled by matronly flesh. Yet in ways she had never been like Dorothea; the brow was far less ample than her daughter's, the poise and power of the features were clearly feeble. She had an expression of womanly sweetness, however, inseparable because essential, which the face of Dorothea wholly lacked.

"Renwick!" she repeated; "you know that our child never dreamed of marrying Adam Strangford!"

Here Dorothea broke into a laugh, somewhat nervous, a trifle weary as well.

"Listen, papa!" she exclaimed. "Only a few days ago mamma raved about Adam Strangford. Did she not? Come, now, did she not?"

While speaking thus, Dorothea let her voice lapse from fervor into despondence. She turned, fronting a large book on a near table, and began to finger its stiff, gilt-edged leaves.

Her father sank into a chair and polished his eyeglasses with his handkerchief.

"Your mother raves over many people," he said, in the kindest tones. "There, Bertha, dear," he went on, "I'm so glad you've reassured yourself. Whenever you rise, like that, I always feel as if I'd been cruel to you. And truly, I didn't mean to be cruel."

"Papa cruel!" broke in amused semitone from Dorothea.

"Your mother, my dear Dorothea, admires Adam Strangford quite as much as I do. But the thought of your marrying him is odious to her. The thought of

your marrying him," Renwick Rathburne's mild voice proceeded, "ought, I suppose, to be equally odious to myself. But it isn't—or, rather, it wasn't—"

"Renwick!" again shot from Mrs. Rathburne.

"Wasn't, my dear Bertha, I think I said. Of course, now, everything is settled. I never heard of an engagement (and, bless my soul, I've heard of a great many!) that pleased the large crowd so much as this. I've been doing nothing, for two hours this afternoon in the club, but shake hands with beaming-faced acquaintances. If I shocked you, dear Bertha, by mentioning Adam Strangford, I'm immensely sorry. But let us just look at the real facts. Adam has been dropping in here and dropping out, whenever he chose, for the last three years. Hasn't he now, Bertha? Don't try to scowl; you know you can't."

Dorothea, with a high trill of laughter, flitted away from her table and her big volume, and took a chair at her mother's side. "Mamma would have to receive a lot of lessons in scowling before she got past its rudiments!"

"When Dorothea hadn't dreamed of her first Patriarch's or Assembly, Adam and she were chums. Naturally, being a young fellow who was editing a monthly review of the most daring and radical description (for I'm sure his brilliant, delightful and somewhat unappreciated 'Plain Speaker' must be called that) he was looked upon as the most undesirable nobody. He's young, he's fine-looking, he's tremendously clever and charmingly brave. So I said to myself, one day, 'Why, if he should fall in love with our Dorothea and our Dorothea should fall in love with him, couldn't a match be—?'"

"Now, Renwick," chided his wife, "you know you oughtn't to talk like this! We've been reckless Bohemians, I admit. Somehow I had it in me when I took your name, and you developed it to an absurd degree afterward. But the question of marrying our only child is one that must force us to remember who and what we really are."

"And so you say we've been reckless Bohemians, Bertha," answered Renwick Rathburne, with pensive drollery ambushed at either corner of his gray-bearded lips, "because we've treated Adam Strangford civilly? Isn't that boxing his ears a little too hard? They're tough ears by this time, I grant. Poor, dear fellow, they ought to be."

"I like Adam," protested Mrs. Rathburne, flushing a little before the calm, satiric, yet rather melancholy eye of Dorothea. "He never drops in to dine (no matter how unexpectedly) that I'm not glad. But liking him for a son-in-law is another affair altogether!"

Dorothea, with a shrug, fixed her gaze on the carpet. "It's nobody's affair, for that matter, but mine. Why should it be? I'm the typical American daughter, teeming with unfilial irreverence. I've made my own choice."

"And a very charming choice it is," murmured her mother.

Her father half turned toward the girl, with a glance quizzical yet sad. She answered it with a slight start, and then gently recoiled, her figure drooping backward in its chair.

"I know *why* it's your choice," Rathburne said, swiftly, below his breath. "You can't fool your old daddy, Doll. But it's all right . . . yes, I suppose it's all right."

"It's decidedly all right," she returned, in tones as low as his, and filled with a dreamy vehemence.

"Of what on earth are you two muttering with one another?" said Mrs. Rathburne, a tart little tang in her query.

"We were saying how you thwart time, Bertha," replied her husband, in his lazy and dulcet voice, "and asking each other from what mysterious chemist you purchase that bloom-of-youth which makes us mistake for a dimple every tiny cut the tip of Time's scythe may have dealt you."

This pretty speech was accepted as a matter-of-course by both of its hearers. Rathburne would not have been "Renwick," would not have been "papa," if he had failed to sweeten his discourse with just such gallant little turns of phrase. He was to-day as much his wife's lover as he had been when they stood together, long ago, a bridal pair, in the mellow dimness of Grace Church, waiting to be made man and wife. His ebullient yet placid geniality was received in the same way by his hosts of friends. He was one of those decorative and picturesque talkers whom nobody suspected of either insincerity or flattery. It was not merely that he had a kind word for everybody; hundreds of us commonplace mortals have that. It was the tender and vital magnificence of his charity, large-heartedness and good-fellowship that made many a listener smile sympathy at language which from another would have sounded hollow and insipid.

"Never mind what you and Dorothea were whispering about," said Mrs. Rathburne, as she leaned forward and rang a bell set in the wall at her side. "It's time I had some tea, and I'll drown my curiosity in it."

"Isn't it dreadful," said Rathburne in a gruff sigh to his daughter, "this dissipation of your mother's? I wonder why there is no Keely cure for her special affliction. Often, of late, I've been expecting to have some man at the club pour in my ear some awful tale about seeing my wife on the Avenue or Broadway, shockingly under the influence of tea." . . . He rambled on, in drowsily genial monologue. . . . "That question of our having been reckless Bohemians—it's really a very amusing one. And yet here, in this big old house on Washington Square—this big old house which I inherited from my father at the age of three-and-twenty, and which has been renovated and re-renovated to an extent that gives me shudders when I think what all the plumbing bills and all the upholstery bills would amount to in sum total, there's not a doubt that we've gone on holding our own, socially, with a tenacity quite strange. And the funny part is that we haven't tried to hold it in the least. We've seen the leopard change his spots—Knickerbockerism go down and plutocracy come up. When the Amsterdams scowled upon the Stigginses we've smiled, and when the Stigginses have jingled their dollars in the Amsterdams' disgusted ears, we've smiled, too. The Vanderweers kept crying to us all kinds of angry things about parvenus and upstarts, and we listened with non-committal civility and didn't tell them that we were going to dine next day in the gilded halls

of their foes, the Nogginses. But by and by the Amsterdams went and ate the choice and poetic dinners of the Stigginses, just as we knew they would sooner or later do, and we were there (weren't we, Bertha?) and smiled our amiableness and kept our humorous thoughts to ourselves. And by and by the Vanderweers were lured to a big dance in the monstrous and very tasteful Louis Quatorze ballroom of the Nogginses, just as we could have sworn they would sooner or later be; and we were there (you recollect, Bertha?) and kept the straightest of faces, whatever keen sense of comedy may have been agitating our souls. . . . And so it has gone on, hasn't it? . . . A man at the club lately said to me (it was old Bill Auchincloss, or I fear I'd have resented the familiarity): 'Your home is the most absolutely swell and swagger one in town.' I've only just got used to that word, 'swagger,' and I try not to show how I hate its horrid heels-in-the-air kind of sound. But I said to jolly old Bill Auchincloss, 'Bill,' I said—'Doll, you're looking bored.'"

"Papa! I love to hear you talk on and on—you know I do! It soothes me so when I'm nervous, depressed." And Dorothea, as she spoke, caught her father's hand—that soft, strong, companionable hand, which from childhood she had felt thrill her heart through many tender strokes and clasps.

"Nervous and depressed, eh?" smiled her father. "And a day after your engagement to such a paragon of gentility, desirability, as Gerard Spottiswoode?"

"Have a cup of tea, dear," said Mrs. Rathburne, who was bending over her tableful of delicate porcelain. "It's so comforting if one isn't rash with it, and I know you've never been."

"Thanks, mamma," said Dorothea. And while she sipped her tea the suave voice of her father loitered on.

"Bill," I said to Auchincloss, 'my home has never gone in for your heavy sort of exclusiveness any more than it's gone in for—polygamy.'"

"Renwick!" reproved his wife.

"If we're still 'swell' and 'swagger,' as you so pictorially pronounce us, it's not because we haven't neglected every opportunity of being otherwise. We've cared no more about the new rich than about the old poor. We've been as democratic as it pleased us to be and as patrician as it suited us to continue. We've never 'sifted' except for reasons of personal weariness, and we've always 'mixed' for reasons of personal amusement. Our dinners and our larger functions have been for years, to my certain knowledge, the most audaciously miscellaneous anywhere within circles so termed select. In fact, Bill, my good fellow, we've not been select at all, but rather selective—a monstrous difference, you'll admit. We've gone in for real society, not the sham and shadow of it. And then dear old Bill clapped me on the shoulder and said, 'Oh, yes, Renwick, my boy, you can afford to ask your wife's ex-dress-maker to break bread with you, if the whim so directs.' And I answered him, quick as a flash, 'Confound it, sir, I'd as lief ask my wife's ex-dressmaker as the Queen of England, provided she had the manners of a lady.'"

Just then a servant entered with two cards on a salver. Scanning them, Mrs. Rathburne said to Dorothea, in rather grim staccato:

"It's Adam Strangford, come, I suppose, to congratulate you."

Dorothea colored. "I fancied he would write."

"Shall we see him?" asked her mother, with at least seeming carelessness, while the footman waited. That "we" did not escape Rathburne.

"My dear," he said to his wife, with covert mischief, "Strangford doesn't want to congratulate you, does he?"

"Say the ladies are at home, Thomas," instructed Mrs. Rathburne. "Really, Renwick," she pursued, when the servant was out of hearing, "I wish you wouldn't!"

"Wouldn't what?" meekly inquired her husband.

"O, I don't know." She rose, smoothing out the front folds of her dress with almost petulant gestures. "Perhaps Dorothea knows better than I do."

"I don't," the girl softly affirmed, rising also. The flush still bode in her face, and her eyes glittered excitedly. "I feel too confused to know anything, somehow."

Her father got up from his chair, the next instant, with outstretched hands. "If you feel like this, my darling, you needn't go in, of course."

"Very well," said Mrs. Rathburne, "I'll see him alone."

Dorothea gave her figure a steady motion, and raised her head in gentle and pathetic defiance.

"I'll go in alone," she said. "Will you let me, both of you?" She swept a troubled glance from the face of one parent to that of the other.

"I'll let you," said Rathburne. He surveyed his wife, for a second, with mild, twinkling eyes. "Won't you let her, Bertha?"

"Oh, as you please," returned Mrs. Rathburne. "Dorothea has never known me tyrannical."

"Tyrannical! You, mamma!" cried the girl, with an uncharacteristic falsetto note in her voice that wrought its anxious echo in either listener's heart. "You've always been to me the soul of indulgence. Both of you have been—both of you!" she went on, with a sweet, transient abandonment that partook, for a fleeting interval, almost of hysteria. Then, growing placid with a speed that betrayed strong effort, she moved to one of the doorways and stood there, having wheeled about and refaced her observers.

"Mamma—papa, it's only going to be a little sensible talk. Not a good-by; I shall hope he'll always come to us just as he did before—and be welcomed by us all, just as before" (she laughed with a feverish brevity, here)—"including Gerard Spottiswoode."

And then, without waiting for an answer, and seeming not to desire that any answer should reach her, she veered round again and vanished from the room.

Renwick Rathburne looked full at his wife. Then he took out a cigarette and a tiny gold matchbox.

"Bertha, Bertha," he said, with musing deliberation. "This is too bad, too bad!"

Mrs. Rathburne gnawed her lips. "Renwick, what is too bad? That our girl has decided to make a marriage that's one in ten thousand."

Rathburne had lighted his cigarette, now, and blown from it a tenuous spiral or two of smoke, which he watched float upward, through the dimness of the dying winter afternoon.

"No," he replied, "not that. But in making this wonderfully fine match of hers, Bertha, our dear Doro thea is coming dangerously near to breaking her own heart!"

"I deny it! I deny it!" cried Mrs. Rathburne. Her figure wavered a little, and she fell back into her chair, weeping.

Her husband flung his cigarette into the fretful crimson of the wood-fire just beside him. He went over to his wife, and leaned down, and kissed her bowed head.

"It's true, though," he murmured; it's true as our love for her, Bertha—as our long and happy love for one another!"

(Continued next week.)

TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

IN MEMORIAM.

How strange it seems that thou hast fallen on sleep—

Thou, who wert so alive, brief while ago—

And over thee the wild sweet blossoms grow,

And the far Southern stars their vigils keep?

Thy voice is silent, and our loss we weep—

We sound thy praises, and thou dost not know—

We mourn, but thou art deaf to all our woe—

In vain, for thee, deep calleth unto deep?

Nay! let us think that thou art still aware

Of love that mourns thee, and of praise, that faint

Would find thee, from afar, and make thee feel,

In that strange, mystic realm where thou dost fare,

How bitter is our loss, that is thy gain—

How true the sorrow that Time cannot heal.

—LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

PRIZE CHARADE.

Word—Submission.

SCENE I.—A Ballroom. Band playing Waltz. In Fore-ground a Naval Officer and Young Lady. They stop to Rest.

YOUNG LADY (just out, but not at all shy)—Excuse me, but I did not quite catch your name. Ashton, is it not? Captain Ashton of the Magnet?

Officer (laughing)—Oh, no. In the first place, my name is not Ashton; and in the next, I am a long way off from being a captain; in fact, I am a midshipman, and I do not belong to the Magnet.

Young Lady.—A midshipman! That is much the same as a subaltern in the army, is it not?

Officer.—Well, if you like to put it so. I am afraid I am only a "sub," but I hope to be a captain some day.

Young Lady (stiffly).—Mamma told me I was not to dance with subalterns, and I am afraid she would say the same of midshipmen.

Officer (drawing himself up).—Oh! if that is the case, perhaps I had better take you to your chaperon.

Young Lady.—Thank you.

(He conducts her to a stout, good-humored looking lady, and leaves her.)

Chaperon.—Well, Mabel, you have not done badly for your first ball. Your mother will be proud to hear of your leading off with a royal duke.

Young Lady.—A what?

Chaperon.—A royal duke.

Young Lady.—Oh, Mrs. Aswell, he told me he was only a midshipman, and mamma said I was not to dance with junior officers. How provoking!

Chaperon (shaking with laughter).—Oh, that is good! And you snubbed his Royal Highness! There's Tom Willoughby, I must tell him. Tom, try and get the Duke to dance with Mabel again; she made an awful mistake, and wants to apologize.

(Lieutenant Willoughby goes up to the Duke, tells him Mabel has found out her mistake, and will be most happy to dance with him.)

The Duke.—She is very obliging; but I am engaged to a very charming girl who has not been taught to scorn a "sub," and is not above waltzing with a midshipman.

Curtain falls.

SCENE II.—Lecture-Room, with Audience waiting. Enter Lady Lecturer—a timid, quiet-looking girl, who, with a clear, sweet voice, begins to speak.

I am come here to address you on a subject that has been cleverly handled by much wiser women than I pretend to be. I shall not detain you long, for I have very little to say, and the quicker it is said the better. In my opinion, woman's mission lies in a nutshell, and that nutshell is a little word of four letters, spelled in this way, l-o-v-e—love that embraces all humanity, in fact, everything that has life—good, healthy, honest love, making its possessor ready to sympathize, strong to endure, strong to work, strong to suffer if need be.

Curtain falls.

SCENE III.—The Day before a Wedding. A Drawing-Room full of People.

Bride's Young Sister.—Nina, will you say "obey" to-morrow?

Nina (gayly).—Not I; I don't mean to "obey," so why should I promise to do so?

Bridegroom (a matter-of-fact man, with an all-pervading horror of "the new woman").—You don't mean what you say, Nina, do you?

Nina.—Indeed, I do. Rose Pierrepont didn't say "obey," why should I? The dutiful submission of wives to their lords is a very old-fashioned notion nowadays.

Bridegroom (with dignity).—I adhere to those old-fashioned notions; but if you object to them, it is not too late.

Bride (seeing thirty thousand pounds per annum slipping from her grasp)—Oh, Algy! How matter-of-fact you are! Of course, I was only joking. I'll say anything you like, if you promise not to look cross.

(Quarrel made up. Wedding March heard in the distance.)

Curtain falls.

IT WILL BE REMEMBERED

that the WEST SHORE RAILROAD is the latest built road running between the East and West. It is modern in every department. Five through trains each way. Its 3 p.m. Chicago and St. Louis Limited gets you to Chicago the next evening. The Popular National Limited Express leaves New York at 7:35 p.m. and arrives in Buffalo 7:40 the next morning. Try one of them. They will give excellent satisfaction.

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

THE growth of the American woman has been sure, but so subtle that the world has lost sight of much of the progress she is making in these busy times. Silently, irresistibly, but cautiously, she has followed in the footsteps of the other sex, and has allowed nothing to stand in her way in her march to higher social, political and educational levels. When the tide once set in her direction many of the difficulties she had previously encountered vanished altogether and many became merely nominal in character. This has been particularly true in educational and professional method, as well as in the laws respecting girls and married women. Along with this progress there has been an untold amount of activity, industry and organization on the part of American women. Its outcome is well illustrated in the National Council, whose session is now taking place at the national capital.

This great body of women, the largest and most representative ever seen in the history of the world, does not represent any fad, fashion or particularism. Like the Association for the Advancement of Woman, its aims are general and its policy broad and comprehensive. Its purpose is the elevation of the sex, the increase and enlargement of its opportunities, the destruction of the obstacles, customs and laws which retard her development, and the construction of new and higher ideals for both the sex and the race. The first object of the organization is already accomplished; that is, the arousing of interest in all thinking women throughout the country, their coming together by means of a central organization, and their representation by the best and most brilliant of their own number. The five chief officers may be proudly adduced as admirable types of this object. Mrs. May Wright Sewall, the president, is a scholar, linguist and mathematician on a par with any of the great savants of the land; Mrs. Francis E. Bagley, the vice-president, is a reformer, philanthropist, writer and lecturer of profound culture and great executive ability; Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, the corresponding secretary, has long been one of the foremost women of Philadelphia, a city in which breeding, education and distinction stand at their highest value; Mrs. Lillie M. N. Stevens is one of the founders of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, an ex-Commissioner of the World's Fair, and a woman whose life has been identified for forty years with the great reforms and moral movements of the country; Mrs. Isabella Charles Davis is the moving intelligence of that vast army of true men and women known as the King's Daughters and Sons.

These officers give the keynote of the general organization. All are progressive without being fanatical; all are liberal and understand the necessity of making allowances for human and political frailty and weakness, and all are women who live in their intellectual and moral natures. The same tendency is disclosed by a cursory glance at their leading committees. In the one on dress the best known is undoubtedly Mrs. Anna Jenness Miller. Her views on Dress Reform do not run counter to prevailing notions as to modesty, elegance and style, but simply favor the modification of existing fashions until they are hygienic, comfortable and scientific. In the committee on Divorce Reform, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore is conservative rather than radical, and favors uniformity in legal practice and a greater protection for the children of parents who cannot agree. In the committee on patriotic instruction is Miss Eliza D. Keith, of California, whose American flag drill has been adopted in more than five thousand schools, public and private. In the committee on equal pay for equal work is Mrs. Leland Stanford, of Washington, D. C., who is a generous business woman, utterly free from the revolutionary doctrines in regard to labor which are so frequent and so unpleasant a feature of many would-be social reformers. In religious matters Miss Sadie American is a liberal Hebrew with a profound belief in the old Mosaic dispensation, while, on the other hand, Mrs. Eliza C. Armstrong, a delightful orator and magazine writer, is equally earnest on behalf of the Society of Friends. Only upon morality and purity do they take high grounds, and there they are at one with the best sense of the entire American community.

Some of the societies represented in the Council are the National Woman's Suffrage Association, Sorosis, the National Christian League for the Promotion of Social Purity, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the National Woman's Relief Association, the Universal Peace Union, the International Kindergarten Union, the Woman's Republican Association of the United States, the National Association of the Loyal Women of American Liberty, the Woman's Relief Corps, the National Association of Women Stenographers, and the National Council of Jewish Women.

Among the officers and patrons are Susan B. Anthony, New York; Mary Newbury Adams, Iowa; Professor Rasmus B. Anderson, Wisconsin; Rosa Miller Avery, Illinois; Emma J. Bartol, Pennsylvania; Lucia E. Blount, District of Columbia; Laura Curtis Bullard, New York; Albert Sloe Caldwell, Tennessee; Elizabeth Howard Childs, New York; Lydia Avery Conoley, Illinois; Harriett Cooper, California; Eliza D. Keith ("Di Vernon"), California; Ruth D. Delamater, New York; Louise E. Demorest, New York; Ellen Batelle Dietrick, Massachusetts; Anna Dormitzer, New York; Adele M. H. Ellis, Illinois; Hon. William Dudley Foulke, Indiana; Emily Gross, Illinois; Phoebe A. Hearst, District of Columbia; Fannie L. Helmuth, New York; Mary F. Henderson, District of Columbia; Esther Hermann, New York; Emily Howland, New York; Mary Jameson Judah, Tennessee; Mary W. Kincaid, California; Isabel King, Massachusetts; Hannah E. Longshore, M.D., Pennsylvania; Jennie de la M. Lozier, M.D., New York; Clara L. McAdoo, Michigan; Elizabeth C. McCauley, Delaware; Louise Downs Quigley, New Jersey; Frances E. Russell, Minnesota; Mrs. Russell Sage, New York; Ferdinand Schumacher, Ohio; J. C. Schaffer, Illinois; Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, Pennsylvania; May French Sheldon, Massachusetts; Sarah Sellers Smyth, Delaware; Lady Isabel Somerset, England; Louise M. Southworth, Ohio; Jane H. Spofford, District of Columbia; Lucinda H. Stone, Michigan; M.

Louise Thomas, New York; Ellen F. Thompson, California; Fannie Villard, New York; Emmeline B. Wells, Utah; Frances E. Willard, Illinois; Mary H. Wilmarth, Illinois.

The foreign and friendly delegates are nearly all women who stand as high in their own lands as our own do at home. Two of them are of international reputation; namely, the Countess of Aberdeen and Lady Isabel Somerset. The former has won fame, and universal admiration as well, by her long sustained and princely efforts to benefit the working classes of Ireland, and through them of the entire civilized world. Lady Somerset is the leader in Great Britain of the W. C. T. U., suffrage, and social purity movements, and for many years has devoted her time, her great talents and vast wealth to the advancement of the causes she has espoused.

Very notable has been the display of intellectual and political capacity among the members, and more particularly among the speakers. The papers read have been up to the highest magazine standard, and the addresses in nearly every instance have been of a high forensic order. Among those who made themselves conspicuous in this respect are Miss Frances E. Willard, the president of the National W. C. T. U., which, under the efforts of herself and her associates, has grown in twenty years from a mere handful of women to a society numbering over a million members; next to her, but more versatile, is Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis, president of the National Social Purity League, and a woman whose self-sacrificing philanthropy has dissipated a handsome fortune, spent for the benefit of needy and suffering humanity. In social economics it would be difficult to find any one with a deeper knowledge of her subject, more accurate generalizations and more practical inferences than Mary Desha, the writer and lecturer. In labor statistics and political economy Ellen Batelle Dietrick, of Massachusetts, and Mrs. Marsh, of Michigan, displayed ability.

Another pleasing feature of the Council was the number of eminent women who participated in its deliberations, coming from various parts of the country for the mere love of the cause and not from having been engaged upon the regular programme. These made the session all the more interesting, and, above all, exerted a profound influence upon the special session meetings, committee gatherings and social events that occurred day and night during the sitting of the Council. Among these might be mentioned Mme. Alberti, Paulina T. Merritt, Indiana; Louise Barnum Robbins, Michigan; Emmeline B. Wells, Utah; Josephine K. Henry, Tennessee; Mary C. Francis, Ohio; Katherine Nobles, Louisiana; Kate Brownlee Sherwood, Ohio; Caroline E. Merrick, Louisiana; Mrs. Theodore Auerbach, Massachusetts; Miss Hemphill, South Carolina; Dr. Mary Moore, Wyoming; the Rev. Anna Houston, Texas; and Dr. Longshore, Pennsylvania.

The result of the Congress will undoubtedly be to strengthen the great reform organizations which took part in it, such as the National Social Purity League, the Universal Peace Union, and the various suffrage and temperance organizations. It will also stimulate the Chautauqua movement, the extension of female education and the co-education of the sexes. It will still further increase the present remarkable tendency toward organization, and bring into being any number of clubs and societies of various kinds, but more especially of a literary, artistic or political nature.—(See page 9.)

MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM.

REVOLUTION IN CUBA.

A REVOLUTION broke out in Cuba on Sunday, February 24. Jose Marti, leader of the Revolutionary party, left this city late in January, and went to San Domingo, there to confer with General Gomez, one of the old heads of the Cuban patriotic movement. It is said that the movement now begun has been in preparation for four years past.

The Spanish Government has declared martial law in the island, and will send out General Martinez Campos from Spain with a view to reconciliation. The revolutionists claim that they can raise a well armed and drilled army from the start, and that the Spaniards will not venture to attack them.

Jose Marti, the present civil chief of the insurrectionists, is about forty years of age. He was sent to Spain and imprisoned there in his early youth for participating in the first Cuban revolt, but was liberated on condition that he should remain in Spain. When the Spanish Republic was declared, promises made to the monarchy did not count, and Marti came back to America. He has lived much in New York.

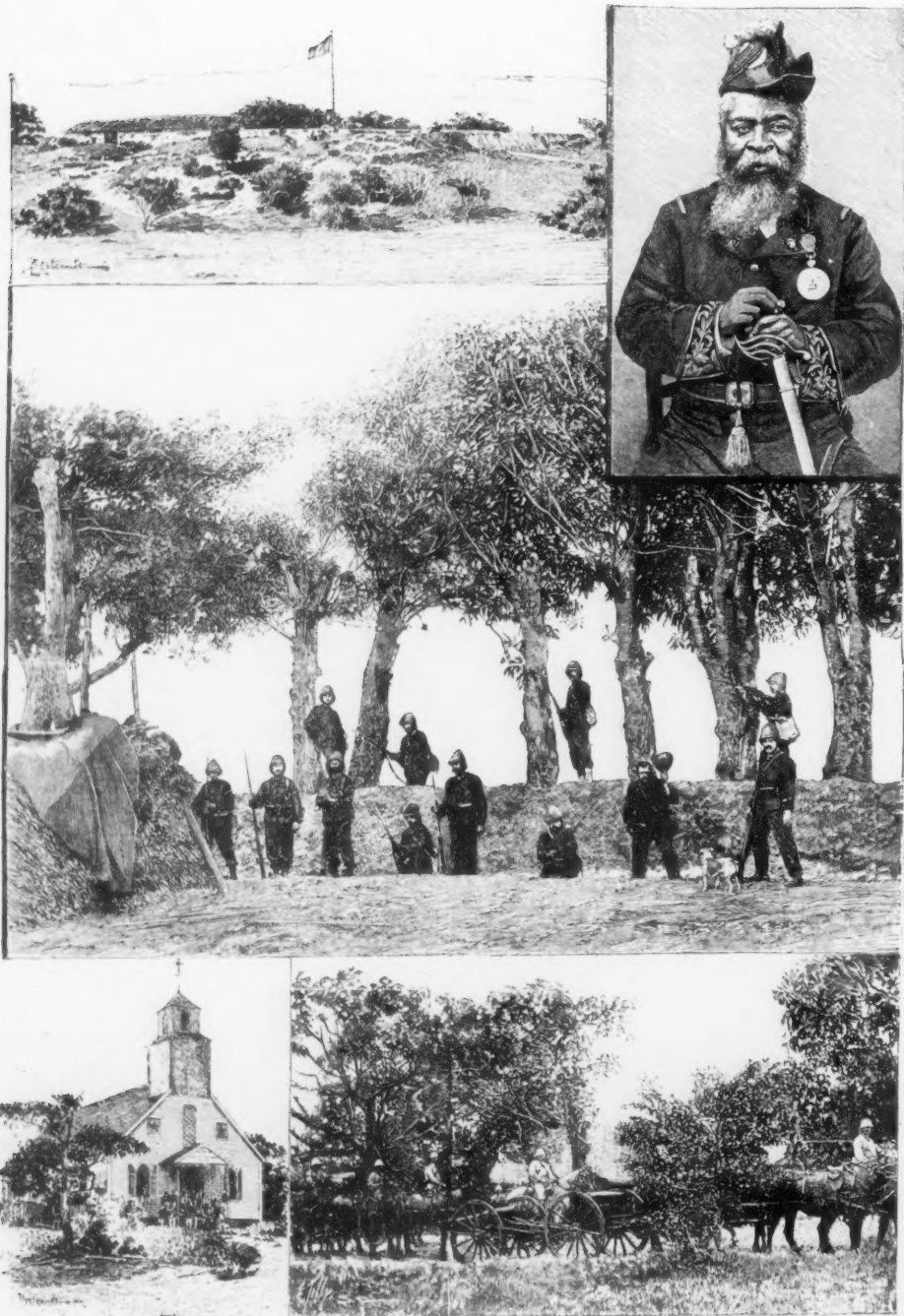
A NEW MAGAZINE.

"THERE is always room at the top." Even though we have already and enough to spare of good magazines, it is impossible to do less than warmly welcome the latest arrival in the field, *The Bookman*, which made its bow to the American public in February. This new American edition of a well-established English literary journal can hardly fail to become popular among bookish folk—for whose pleasure and information it is designed—especially if the initial number is a fair sample of what may be regularly expected from its editors. The Stevenson Supplement alone is enough to insure the good-will of the majority of serious readers. J. M. Barrie's poem, "Scotland's Lament for the Dead Master," is so beautiful and touching that it puts to shame all the memorial verses that have appeared since Tennyson's "In Memoriam." *The Bookman* gives the latest word upon all matters of purely literary interest, and has many familiar names among its list of contributors. It has the best wishes of ONCE A WEEK for a prosperous career.

FOOLING THE CHILDREN.

Citizen (excitedly).—"Good heavens! see those children skating around that danger sign."

Owner of Pond.—"That's all right. The ice is perfectly safe. They think it's dangerous, and stay on it. The thin ice is at the other end of the pond."



MADAGASCAR—THE OCCUPATION OF TAMATAVE BY THE FRENCH.—FROM L'ILLUSTRATION.

1.—Hova Fort at Tamatave. 2.—Ratsytokana, Mayor of Tamatave. 3.—The Manguiers. 4.—Hova Temple transformed into barracks. 5.—The French Artillery leaving Tamatave to bombard the Hova fort.



PEABODY INSTITUTE, WHERE QUEEN VICTORIA'S PORTRAIT PRESENTED TO MR. PEABODY IS HUNG.

THE WAR IN MADAGASCAR.

THE recent hostilities between France and Madagascar have lent a sudden importance to that hitherto little-known island in the South Indian Ocean. Artists and correspondents have been busily supplying us with articles and sketches descriptive of the place and the life there, until we seem to know as much about the Hovas, with their queerly named towns and chief personages, as we do of their enemies the French.

The greatest blow struck at the power of the natives by the French was the bombardment of Farafatrana, a fortified Hova post, near Tamatave, which was taken in the end of December; the particulars of the event have just been received. It proved disastrous for the Hovas, who lost two hundred men in the engagement. They offered little resistance to the besiegers until the French war vessels ceased firing, when they immediately turned their cannon on the enemy, discharging nine volleys. They were quickly silenced by a battery of artillery which had been stationed at Tamatave, and on the morning of the fight had been ordered to a nearer post. In one of the accompanying cuts this battery is seen on the point of leaving Tamatave. A view is given also of Manguiers, an advanced post near the Hova fort, which commands, in a measure, the approach to Farafatrana and at which place was concluded in 1885 the Miot-Patrimoine treaty; the native Government has never recognized its terms, and the present hostilities have grown out of this refusal.

The French troops are quartered in various buildings at Tamatave, among others in the Hova temple, a sketch of which is shown, and which they have converted into a barracks.

The principal native functionary at Tamatave is Ratsytokana, chief of the Betsimisarakas, who acts as an intermediary between his tribe and the governor of the town. He has always been hostile to France, and the large medal he wears on his breast in the accompanying portrait was given to him by the Queen of the Hovas after the campaign of 1882-85.

MR. KEIR HARDIE, Socialist member of the British Parliament, wishes that body to vote five hundred thousand dollars for furnishing everybody with work; and if that should not be enough, he intends to ask them to vote five hundred thousand dollars more. Parliament meantime says nothing.

M. GRENAUD, the French traveler, who was captured by the Chinese at Shassa in Tibet, is now on his way to Peking. He is transported overland in a wooden cage, in which he can neither stand nor sit upright.

THE German Cardinal Kopp has issued a pastoral letter concerning woman's rights in which he says that "unrestricted equality would mean woman's ruin."

THE PEABODY INSTITUTE.

THE Peabody Institute, in the town of Peabody, was the scene of some of the most interesting exercises connected with the recent centenary celebration of the

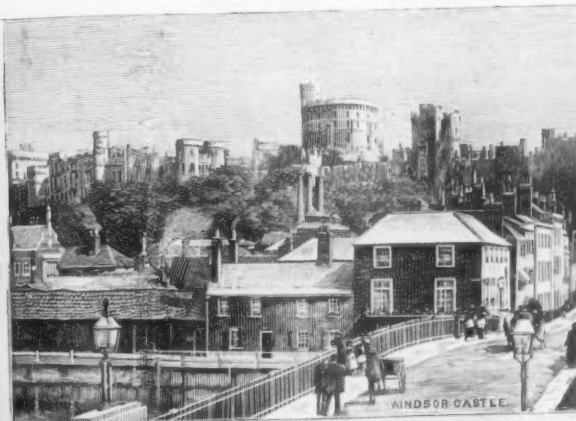
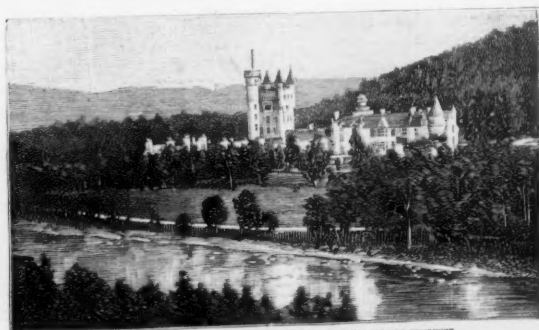


GEORGE PEABODY.

great millionaire philanthropist's birthday. It is a handsome edifice, in Colonial style, and contains precious souvenirs of George Peabody. Among them is the portrait of Queen Victoria, sent to him by herself, in recognition of his services to the poor of London. It will be remembered that the Queen wished to reward him with a baronetcy, but that he declined it.



PEABODY INSTITUTE, PEABODY, MASS.



THE PALACE-HOMES OF QUEEN VICTORIA IN CITY AND COUNTRY.
(See page 11.)

(See page 11.)



American Comic Journalism

BY **T. B. CONNERY**
(Copyrighted by the author)

BY T. B. CONNERY

(Copyrighted by the author.)

✎ The author of these articles on American Comic Journalism will thank any reader to point out errors or omissions that may be observed. Being anxious to make his history as complete and reliable as possible, he has endeavored to obtain at least one copy of each American comic paper published in this country and Canada; but in this he has been only partially successful. Great difficulty has been encountered in obtaining copies, and especially copies of first numbers of some of the earlier comic publications. In many cases he has not even been able to see such papers. He therefore begs all readers to aid him by advice or suggestion, and asks all who may have in their possession copies of such American or Canadian comic papers, or who may know where such can be had or seen, to communicate with him by mail to this office. Copies of first number of each comic particularly desired.

No. 6

I AM not sure who was the editor of *Judy*, but I am informed that it was an Irish actor of some wit, if not originality, named Henry Grattan Plunkett, who enjoyed a fair reputation on the metropolitan boards during the days when flourished Tom Hamblin, J. R. Scott, Coney and Blanchard, Charles Clarke, John Neafie, Charles Walcott, John Dyott and Tom Barry. All these theatrical favorites have passed away with Plunkett himself. I notice that Mr. Charles Sotheran, in a late article about New York comic journalism, makes the statement that Plunkett was the editor of *Judy*, and further declares as follows:

"His associate editor was Dr. W. K. Northall, the author of some successful burlesques produced at the Olympic Theatre. J. W. Elwinger and Mr. Wolfe, who later led the orchestra at Burton's Theatre, were the principal artists of *Judy*, the publisher of which was George F. Nesbitt of Nassau Street, who had the reputation of being a great punster. It is not unworthy of note in this connection that the present London *Judy* was started over twenty years after its New York namesake."

In preparing my papers on American Comic Journalism I have purposely omitted referring to many publications enumerated by other writers among so-called comic journals, because I do not consider them as coming fairly within that class. For instance, Mr. J. Brander Matthews, in the August (1875) number of the *American Biblioplist*, includes Washington Irving's *Salmagundi* papers, published by David Longworth in 1807, among American comic journals. There were only twenty numbers in all, and I imagine neither Washington Irving nor his brother William, nor James K. Paulding, who was associated with them, ever dreamed of having the *Salmagundi* papers classed among the regular comic journals. Still, as both Mr. Matthews and Mr. Sotheran have included *Salmagundi*, I think it proper to explain my own position. Mr. Charles Sotheran, in his interesting article, thus refers to *Salmagundi* and to the *Pictorial Wag*, which I also think should not be included in any list of regular comic journals:

"To David Longworth, of New York City, who dignified his publishing house with the pretentious title of the Shakespeare Gallery, must be credited the genesis of the American comic, or humorous periodical press. This honor is his, through his having published in twenty fortnightly numbers, the first issued on Saturday, January 24, 1807, of *Salmagundi; or the Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq., and Others*, and the writers of which were William and Washington Irving and James K. Paulding. This periodical, for it was really such, is now an English classic, and has been reprinted over and over again as a part of the complete works of Washington Irving.

"Sententious and didactic, as it undoubtedly is, in its humorous treatment of the affairs of Manhattan Island and vicinity of ninety years ago, it is, nevertheless, the direct ancestor, so to say, of our comic and humorous papers of to-day. It is also noteworthy that *Salmagundi* antedates the first British humorous periodical ever issued. This latter was *The Cigar*, which, started in 1824, went out almost instantaneously from lack of fire and puffs.

“*Salmagundi* also preceded, by thirty-four years, the second and still surviving London funny weekly, *Punch*, which was begun in 1841, and was unquestionably the direct cause of the bringing into existence, a year later, of the first absolutely comic illustrated American newspaper, as distinguished from the merely humorous and satirical unillustrated periodical of which *Salmagundi* still remains the best type. This was the *Pictorial Wag*, first published in this city in 1842 by the then popular wood engraver, Robert H. Elton, otherwise known as Comic Elton, from the fact of his having been the publisher for some years of comic almanacs, and which were illustrated by reproductions of the designs of Cruikshank and Seymour.

"The *Pictorial Wag* had as its editor a well-known water-cure crank of that time, Dr. Thomas L. Nichols, whose eccentricities and egotism were such that they had made him sincerely disliked by his journalistic contemporaries. His unpopularity, as soon as it was discovered that he was the editor of the paper, caused it first to dwindle down in circulation and shortly after to give up the ghost. Its publisher, however, survived, and went into the manufacture of comic valentines in association with John H. Manning, who had been the caricaturist of the *Pictorial Wag* from its commencement to the thirteenth and last number. Elton still later became a real estate magnate, and was one of the founders of the village of Morrisania, as well as the adjoining one of Elton, that took its name from him."

Let me repeat here, what I say in the note at the top of this article, that I will thank Mr. Matthews, Mr. Sothoran, Mr. L. M. Kingman, or any other person under whose eyes these papers may chance to fall, to point out any inaccuracies or omissions.

A VISION OF GOLD.

THE MAGIC GROWTH OF ONE PENNY AT COMPOUND INTEREST.

THE mysterious and wonderful power of compound interest to mount up into vast sums is well illustrated by Mr. J. Holt Schooling, Fellow of the British Royal Statistical Society, in his "Vision of Gold," published in the *London Strand Magazine*. Mr. Schooling demonstrates how a man could become the "Universal Benefactor of the World," at a future date, by putting One Penny (two cents) "in trust for investment and to accumulate the income, by reinvestment at five per cent compound interest, for *one thousand years* after the present date (1895) to be used at maturity for the benefit of those then living."

At the end of the time specified the Penny will have increased to the colossal sum of £6,443,000,000,000,000,000, and there will be for each person, allowing for increase of population in present ratio (including the impecunious tramps of the period), the very comfortable present of £29,386,364, or, roughly, \$116,431,820. And this achievement of making every man, woman and child as rich as Vanderbilts or Astors will have cost but one solitary English penny!

Mr. Schooling is very entertaining in his endeavors to show what a benefactor could have done for us of the nineteenth century if he had invested a penny at compound interest in year 1 of the Christian era. He has even worked out the following table, illustrating the "magic growth" of this penny through the centuries. Mr.

Schooling's working figures are given in Column Three of this table, so that any one accustomed to logarithmic calculations can check the accuracy of his results.

Here is one of his illustrations of the vast wealth to which the penny would grow. Imagine, he says, the earth transformed into a huge flat slab of gold, more than 500,000 miles square and one mile thick, and floating in space. Let every man, woman and child now living in the world continuously discharge a Maxim gun loaded with English sovereigns for one thousand years. Each gun fires into space twelve thousand sovereigns per minute, which drop on the edges of the earth. At the end of *one thousand years* of continuous discharge of sovereigns from fifteen millions of Maxim guns upon an earth of gold, at the rate of twelve thousand sovereigns per minute each gun, only an infinitesimal fraction of the money would have been shot into space out of the accumulated interest of One Penny, invested at five per cent compound interest in Anno Domini 1 and left to accumulate until A.D. 1895. The appended calculation shows that this is not fanciful, but is absolutely correct.

Or imagine the earth transformed into two vast rectangular blocks of gold, each nearly eleven thousand million miles long by three miles wide by eight miles thick. These two blocks of gold float side by side in space, with a great gulf eight miles deep separating them. Along both the inside edges of the entire length of this precipice stand the world's population, and imagine each second every person throwing into the bottomless gulf a bundle consisting of one thousand bank-notes, each note being worth one million pounds, or five million dollars. At the end of this continuous deluge for One Thousand Years, and including the cost of a golden

COL I	COL II	COL III	COL IV
At the end of Anno Domini	(THE MAGIC GROWTH) ONE PENNY invested at the beginning of Anno Domini 1, at 5 per cent per annum compound interest, would have amounted to pounds Sterling as below	This column contains the working figures of the results shown in col II. These logarithms have been given only for the use of those persons who may care to check my results. [1.05 = LOG. 0.051823 2.40 = LOG. 2.3802112	
100 (thirteen shillings)	2.1893	
200	£	2.38021	973872
300 7s	4.23786	
400 9.478	2.38021	186765
500 12.46000	6.35679	
600 16.385000	2.38021	3.97658
700 21.5460000	8.47972	
800 28.332000000	2.38021	6.09858
900 37.2590000000	10.59465	
1000 48.9960000000000	2.38021	8.21444
1100 64.420000000000000	12.71258	
1200 84.7270000000000000	2.38021	10.33337
1300 113.20000000000000000	14.82515	
1400 152.990000000000000000	2.38021	12.46230
1500 205.0000000000000000000	16.95144	
1600 276.14000000000000000000	2.38021	14.57123
1700 373.360000000000000000000	19.07037	
1800 507.6140000000000000000000	2.38021	16.69016
1900 684.200000000000000000000000	21.19710	
2000 923.1300000000000000000000000	2.38021	18.80909
2100 1246.70000000000000000000000000	23.30823	
2200 1692.0000000000000000000000000000	2.38021	20.92802
2300 2292.000000000000000000000000000000	25.42716	
2400 3126.00000000000000000000000000000000	2.38021	23.04695
2500 4226.0000000000000000000000000000000000	27.54609	
2600 5701.000000000000000000000000000000000000	2.38021	25.16888
2700 7701.00000000000000000000000000000000000000	29.66501	
2800 10433.00	2.38021	27.28491
2900 14136.00	31.78395	
3000 19336.00	2.38021	29.40374
3100 26332.000	33.90288	
3200 35931.000	2.38021	31.52127
3300 49130.000	36.02181	
3400 66731.000	2.38021	33.64160
3500 90761.000	38.10474	
3600 12401.000	2.38021	36.76053
3700 16936.00	40.15572	
3800 23201.000	2.38021	37.7735

FIG. 1.—THE MAGIC GROWTH OF A PENNY TO MORE THAN 59 SEXTILLIONS OF POUNDS STERLING. Readers who may like to know "how it's done," are informed that all the working figures which produced the results in Col. ii. are shown in Col. iii., and that elementary mathematical knowledge will suffice to check these calculations. Only the first five significant figures are given.

earth, only one-twelve hundredth part of the money would have been thrown away out of the accumulated interest of One Penny at five per cent compound interest from A.D. 1 to A.D. 1895.

Or imagine a Road of Gold from the earth to the sun, certainly the most expensive engineering route ever designed. Let the dimensions of this road be of solid gold ninety-two and a half millions of miles long, more than eight and a third millions of miles wide, and more than eight and a third millions of miles thick. An express train traveling along this road at the rate of sixty miles an hour would not reach the sun until nearly one hundred and seventy-six years after the date of departure from the earth. The golden road would be one thousand times as wide and as thick as the diameter of the earth, and the train would be about seven million miles long. The distance between the two rails on the route would be fourteen million miles.

For making such a road, of such dimensions, the accumulated interest of One Penny for 1895 years would be sufficient.

Let us imagine a great mountain of gold as large as the earth, with a Niagara of molten gold rushing over the precipice into space for one thousand million years continuously. During every second of this inconceivably long period as many cubic feet of molten gold fall over the precipice as there are cubic feet of water stated to be falling over the real Niagara; i.e., gold to the value of nearly one thousand times the amount of the national debt of England rushes away every second. At the end of the one thousand million years' rushing of this golden Niagara, only a small fraction of the money would have been expended out of the accumulated interest of One Penny invested at five per cent compound interest in Anno Domini 1, and left to accumulate until Anno Domini 1895.

In order to exhaust all this accumulated money it would be necessary to set at work one hundred millions of golden Niagaras, on one hundred millions of golden mountains, instead of only one mountain and one Niagara, and to extend the working period to more than thirty thousand million years of continuously rushing torrents of molten gold.

golden globes were come to the Dream of the Golden Earths. Suppose a procession of gold, and now we come to the Dream of the Golden Earths. Suppose a procession of golden globes, representing twenty-five thousand millions of spheres made of solid gold, each one being equal to the earth in size. This number is sufficient to supply every living person in the world (fifteen hundred million persons) with more than sixteen golden globes apiece, each one being as large as the earth. The value of all this gold—at one sovereign for 123.27447 grains troy—is equal to the value of the accumulated interest of One Penny invested at five per cent compound interest in Anno Domini 1, and left to accumulate until Anno Domini 1895.

Now, here, then, is the culminating trick of the Magician whose achievements have now been shown to us—he gives us sixteen earths apiece, and each one is made of solid gold! But, stay—if we all had so much gold, nobody would want any, and therefore all this vast wealth of ours would be as withered leaves for any value in it. A loaf of bread could not be bought even at the expenditure of a mass of gold equal in bulk to the size of England. A golden Continent would not buy a coat, and a horse would be worth more than one of our sixteen golden earths. We should all have too much gold, and yet be poor withal.

"BLANKET STREET."

(A saying in the "Old Country.")

O come with me, baby, to Blanket Street,
 'Tis a famous place, dear, for tired feet;
 Up Stairway Hill, across Landing Ridge,
 Past Bannister Lane and then "Kissing Bridge,"
 Where somebody always you're sure to meet.
 Over the bridges and at last we are there,
 Right in the middle of Little-Crib Square,
 The street is as white as the driven snow,
 But warm like the blossom-time snow, you know,
 Warm to toes that are soft and pink and bare.
 And speaking of toes, 'tis in Blanket Street
 That the Five little Pigs so often meet,
 And the littiest always goes squeak, squeak, squeak,
 Though the weather is never cold and bleak,
 For 'tis always summer in Blanket Street.
 And the yellow bird talks as well as sings,
 And the bumble-bee hums but never stings,
 And the love-lamps burn like stars all night;
 O come, and be sure to listen right,
 For the Blanket Street birds say wonderful things,
 —MAY D. HATCH.

QUEEN VICTORIA, HER DAILY LIFE, AND HOMES.

THE name of Queen Victoria is known and honored throughout the world, and every one is more or less interested in anything appertaining to her Majesty's daily life and residences. I am fortunate in having had admission to the various palaces, where I have found an opportunity of making myself thoroughly familiar with the household routine from morn to eve. Osborne and Balmoral may, of course, be termed the *private* residences or homes of the Queen; and here quiet seclusion is obtained, with few of the State functions inseparable from Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle.

It is generally understood that the habits of the Queen are simplicity itself; and it is an undoubted fact that this same simplicity is the primary cause of the good health which her Majesty continues to enjoy, notwithstanding her advanced years. One is correct in speaking of her as the most exalted woman in the whole world; yet she really works harder than many thousands of women of less social status. Her whole life has been one of indefatigable attention to the arduous duties devolving upon her—duties which have ever been conscientiously fulfilled. Any one who has witnessed, as I have, the extraordinary number of dispatch boxes arriving day by day, literally crammed with documents—which always have the Queen's most careful perusal before signature—and the large amount of private correspondence from her very numerous family connections, cannot fail to be impressed with the magnitude of that particular branch of work, which is absolutely compulsory. I can give you a small idea by placing before you details of one day of the Queen's life when living at Osborne in semi-seclusion.

The estate was purchased in 1845, her Majesty and the Prince Consort selecting it as a suitable marine residence. It has about five thousand acres of ground, in which it is possible to take a ten-mile carriage drive. The mansion was built some little time after the purchase, the Prince Consort being his own architect. It has clock and other towers, with flat roofs which serve as a promenade. The majority of the royal apartments—which stand out well to the front—are faced by lawns and park, sculpture, and ornamental walks. The building is in pure Italian style. The contents of this mansion are rare and costly.

The Queen has her own private bakery and an ice well in the grounds; also a well-manned fire engine. The house itself is protected by police and coast guard, but the public entrances are in charge of liveried servants. The Mews are very fine, and joining them is a cottage hospital for sick servants. The Model Farm is another feature of the estate, this having been originated by the late Prince Consort; and on the other side of the house, at a distance of over a mile, is the Swiss Cottage, composed entirely of painted and varnished wood, with exterior staircases. The ground floor of this cottage contains kitchen, pantry and dairy; and here the Queen's daughters, when children, made cakes and tarts, pickles, jams and butter, sometimes shared by relatives and friends, and sometimes carried away to the neighboring poor. There is one room in the cottage which is very interesting; it contains nearly all the playthings used by the Queen when a child. Outside are the nine gardens for the nine children, with a little orchard attached; also a carpenter's shop for the boys, and some miniature fortifications. On the shore are huge bathing machines, and very strange articles they are to the uninitiated, looking more like dismantled vessels than anything else; but they are thoroughly practical, the bathing being obtained inside by adjusting an apparatus which lets the water in to any height. These were also designed by the late Prince Consort.

Now to give you an idea of the Queen's daily life at Osborne. In the first place, her Majesty does not now rise so early as it was formerly her custom to do. Seven in the summer, and eight in the winter is almost too early for a lady of seventy-five; so now it is generally nine o'clock when she rises, and not until a cup of cocoa and a small portion of toast have been partaken of. Breakfast proper, as far as the royal lady is concerned, is plain enough, sometimes consisting of fried bacon and egg with bread and butter and tea, and sometimes porridge. In bright weather it is often taken on the terrace; but when cold or wet, in a morning-room. One Indian attendant and one special footman wait. While this meal is proceeding the arrangements for the day are made. As you may know, the Queen has always one of her daughters staying with her; if for any cause the Princess Beatrice is absent (she residing with her mother according to a stipulation made before marriage) Princess Christian generally takes her place. Then follow morning prayers in the private Chapel, after which the before-mentioned dispatch boxes are opened, and all business matters are gone into with the assistance of a member of the Cabinet (one of whom is of course always in residence) and General Sir Henry Ponsonby, her Majesty's private secretary. This

occupies much time, at the end of which a drive—generally in the donkey carriage—is taken, one of the Queen's daughters walking at one side of the carriage, and one of the Highland servants being in attendance. In this way the farms, schools and cottages are often visited. Sometimes the Queen may get out and walk a short distance, leaning on her ivory and gold mounted stick, the use of which is now absolutely necessary. The Munshi Abdul Kharim is one of the most favored attendants, and he it is who carefully helps the Queen down steps and in and out of carriages; but steps and stairs are now really formidable, and always avoided when possible. At Buckingham Palace, for instance, a lift has been recently erected, in which the Queen is transposed from near the entrance hall to the suite of apartments on the next floor, thus saving much unnecessary fatigue. To get in and out of carriages a carpeted slope is used, and so gradual is the ascent that it is almost imperceptible.

The Royal luncheon at 2 P.M. is a very unpretentious meal; several courses always appear for the benefit of other members of the family and the one or two guests who may also occasionally be present; but the Queen herself rarely departs from her usual chop, with Italian bread, and milk pudding. While luncheon is proceeding the Court Circular is discussed. This has been previously prepared, and placed upon the table near to the Queen's right hand; but every item is most carefully studied by her Majesty, the after result being what has met her entire approval.

Then the programme for the day may vary; but generally speaking, the Queen sits in her study until between four and five o'clock studying, for, strange to state, her days of learning are not yet over; she still occupies herself with the mysteries of Hindostanee—a language only commenced at a comparatively recent date in order the better to converse with her Indian subjects; or, she may be writing letters, giving audiences, or reading new books, or even studying botany or music. Speaking of music, it is well known that her Majesty's favorite modern composer is Sir Arthur Sullivan, and the song that she likes best is the "Lost Chord." The study is a large apartment with a long table in the centre, smaller ones containing books of reference standing near. On the large table are a number of miniatures, a costly frame holding a good portrait of the late Prince Consort, and several vases of flowers, which the Queen is never without. I should think that the favorites are lilies-of-the-valley and roses, as they are always there. Her Majesty has several household pets, chief of which are dogs and cats, and some of these travel to and fro with their royal mistress to her various residences. From 4.30 to 5 afternoon tea is served, followed by a drive taken with one or more ladies in attendance; this is of course somewhat varied by the time of the year.

Dinner is a stately meal, partaken of by the Queen, members of her family, often royal guests, possibly a Cabinet Minister, a chaplain, and other visitors, there by Royal invitation. All, with the exception of the Queen, assemble in the drawing-room about ten minutes before the appointed hour. Her Majesty, always noted for her punctuality, enters exactly as the clock strikes; then, having bowed her recognition of each one present, they form in a sort of avenue, she leading the way to the dining-room, all present following in the order of rank. Her Majesty having seated herself, the rest follow, the nearest relations next her on either side. The Maid of Honor places a bouquet at the Queen's right hand before seating herself. Behind each member of the family or guest stands a servant for their special attention.

The Queen is of course served first, and here again her Majesty partakes of the plainest dishes. Conversation is easy, and more or less continuous; but each subject is started by her Majesty, and no guest may ask a question direct. At the same time, the very good memory of the royal hostess is most useful for knowing what subject each one is more particularly interested in; and so questions asked are those which can be easily answered, as they always appertain to what each lady or gentleman is best informed about. The tables are a picture; they are supervised by one man, who is an artist of ability, and the tasteful way in which the flowers and plate are disposed of is due to his good taste. The menu is written in French, with the exception of one item which we may consider as the national dish; namely, "roast beef." It consists of about six courses, and the service occupies three-quarters of an hour.

The very beautiful table linen is most richly embroidered, the crown, arms and monogram being predominant. The cast linen has always been given away to hospitals, or decayed gentlemen; and here an abuse crept in, for it became customary for some persons to sell such linen, often for high prices, which others were willing to pay for the monogram; this has, however, been effectually put a stop to by cutting off such monograms before it leaves the household.

Fortunately the Queen is not now, at any rate, a very rapid eater, for it is not etiquette for any one to eat after she has finished. I may mention another custom which does not prevail at ordinary society dinners; and that is, that when the Queen rises from the table all present, ladies and gentlemen, rise also and follow her from the room. The Queen nearly always appears at dinner in the richest of black silk, with rare old lace and jet trimmings. Diamonds and pearls are most worn, but the latter are the favorites. During the day her dress is excessively plain, always black, generally consisting of a silk dress, a very fine Cashmere shawl, and a plain bonnet with black or white feathers. Of course on State and other particular occasions costly mantles are worn, but a shawl is dearly loved, as is also the large garden hat worn when perambulating the park and grounds in the donkey carriage. Two-button gloves and boots without heels have always been in favor; at the same time the Queen has a small and very shapely foot.

After dinner a maid of honor often reads, sings or plays to her Majesty, unless some of the family are present, when they may play and sing together; the Queen herself is a good musician, and still plays admirably. There are various other occupations in which her Majesty interests herself, such as sketching. This she has been fond of since early childhood, her first lessons in the art being taken at Claremont, where she was in

the habit of working in the open air when living there with her mother, the Duchess of Kent. Another pastime has been straw plaiting, and still another knitting, and so recently as the end of 1894 she has worked for a Needlework Guild, her contributions being knitted hoods prettily trimmed with ribbons. One of the cherished possessions of Netley Hospital is a quilt made by the Queen, and various other institutions and societies have also benefited in this way.

All sorts of reports are continually spread about the Queen's health; but I am in a position to say that it really is exceedingly good. Sometimes her Majesty suffers with neuralgic pains, and the rheumatism in her knee is often very troublesome; but, apart from these, there is nothing whatever to cause any anxiety, and to all appearance Queen Victoria has many years before her to rule over the nearly three hundred and seventy-nine millions of her subjects.

In many things the Queen is very conservative, keeping all her people about her year after year, having a most distinct dislike to fresh faces and fresh ways, and also to any alteration of arrangement of rooms. It was a very long time before electric light was introduced at any of the residences, and even now it is only placed in the State apartments. For her Majesty's own private rooms even gas is not tolerated, the purest wax candles only being burned. The apartments formerly in the occupancy of the Prince Consort have never been disturbed, but remain just as they were when his Royal Highness died.

The private apartments at Windsor Castle are unique and highly interesting, some of them never seen by others than members of the Queen's own family. They all overlook the inner quadrangle, taking up nearly the whole of the eastern front. The bedroom and sitting-room overlook the Great Park, a magnificent view of which is obtained. The entire suite of private apartments are all in connection with the Grand Corridor; this is about five hundred feet in length, and is profusely and richly decorated and ornamented. Many of the paintings it contains are historical ones, portraying christenings and weddings of the family. Then there are numbers of satin-lined cabinets, the contents of which are some of the most priceless old china in existence—Sevres, Worcester, Dresden and Chelsea. One prominent article is a very handsomely mounted glass case containing the well-used Bible of the late General Gordon, open at the place where he left the marker the last time he read it. When the Queen is in residence, nearly every morning when passing through the corridor she is wont to pause here and read a few words from the book of her valued soldier. The corridor is also adorned with many pieces of fine statuary.

The Green, Crimson and White Drawing-Rooms it would be almost impossible to give an adequate idea of, so rich and costly are their adornments. In the Green Drawing-Room is a collection of Sevres china bought by George IV., but which had been really made for one of the Louis; this is valued at two hundred thousand pounds. Rare old cabinets of great worth, costly bull tables, crystal candelabras, and Chippendale carving abound in each of these rooms. The walls and furniture are clad in the richest satins and silks, from which the rooms take their name. An interesting feature of the Crimson Drawing-Room is the pianoforte on which her Majesty took her first music lessons; also there is a fine collection of portraits of the Royal family, by Winterhalter. The Queen's private dining-room is known as the Octagon Room; it is in pure Gothic style, all of carved oak. On the walls are portraits of each of her daughters-in-law, and some fine Gobelins tapestry. A moderate-sized round table stands in the centre, at which the Queen dines when only her family are present, or when the number does not exceed eight persons. The same chair and footstool, and the same position at the table, are always kept for her Majesty. When the number exceeds eight, the dinner is laid in the State Dining-Room, this also being of the Gothic order, and profusely decorated in white and gold. The principal object in this room is the huge punch bowl, or wine cooler, made by Flaxman for George IV. when he was Prince Regent. This was, I believe, last used on the occasion of the christening of the Prince of Wales. The whole of the work is silver gilt, the bowl being formed of clam-shells, resting on rockwork, which in its turn supports coral and seaweed. The upper part represents Venus with clusters of grapes and other fruit.

The Queen's private Audience Chamber is another most interesting apartment. Over the door is an inscription, that the apartment was "altered and decorated under the superintendence of the Prince Consort in the 24th year of the Queen's reign." An important feature of the room is the unique collection of medallion portraits of monarchs inserted in the ceiling and on the walls, commencing with William the Conqueror, and coming in direct line to Queen Victoria. Another noteworthy article is a fine bust of the Prince Consort, carved in one solid piece of ivory, the work of Franzel. In connection with this suite of apartments the Tapestry Room must be mentioned. This and the two adjoining rooms are always used by the Queen's daughters who may be visiting her; and were really occupied by the Empress Frederick before her marriage. The panels of the first-named room are filled with Gobelins tapestry representative of the four seasons; the date on them is 1779; they were the gifts of the Court of France. The whole of the carved and gilded furniture is upholstered in Beauvais tapestry. There is the usual collection of old cabinets, antique china, and other priceless works of art.

The private apartments at Buckingham Palace, which I have also been privileged to see, are likewise never accessible to the public. They are, of course, on the same elaborate and costly scale, and the contents of those at Windsor may be taken as an index to what may be seen in London. (See page 9.)

MARY SPENCER WARREN.

A MANIFESTO has been issued in Russia, announcing that the people will insist upon enlarged liberties in spite of the Czar.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It cures acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

THE NEW MINISTER TO MEXICO. THE MARVELS OF HOMESPUN.

THE appointment of Senator Matt W. Ransom, of North Carolina, to be Minister to Mexico provides temporarily for the welfare of one of the most conspicuous of the defeated candidates for re-election in the contest last fall. Mr. Cleveland's act was done at the solicitation of almost all of the members of the United States Senate, all of whom are counted among Mr. Ransom's personal friends. It is not alone the long public service of the new diplomat which has made him a favorite in the Senate. He owes his popularity to his unflinching good-nature and his kindly disposition. He is always willing to do a favor for a friend if it is in his power. And his manner both to friend and mere acquaintance is almost an exaggeration of that courtliness which is commonly considered characteristic of the "true Southern gentleman"; so that he makes allies not alone among those who know him well, but with those whose acquaintance with him is of the most casual kind. A story which is told of Mr. Ransom, and generally believed, credits him with borrowing one hundred dollars from a constituent who had come to Washington with the express purpose of collecting one hundred dollars which Mr. Ransom already owed him. Whether this story has any foundation in fact, it is certain that the manner of the North Carolina Senator, now Minister to Mexico, is at all times most captivating. He takes the most humble citizen of his State in charge and escorts him personally about the Capitol. He sits with him in the private gallery and points out to him the prominent people on the floor. He takes him to the Marble Room and introduces him to some of the distinguished members of the Senate who may be passing through the lobby. He goes to the White House with him and presents him to the President with an air of respect which makes the citizen believe that he is second only to the Senator in importance.

There is one other Senator who has made for himself a host of friends by his attention to the wishes of his constituents—Mr. Cockrell, of Missouri. It is not so much through his sterling integrity and his ability as a lawmaker that Mr. Cockrell has kept his hold on the people of Missouri as by his constant attention to their little interests. Mr. Ransom has not made of himself quite so great a slave to the whims of his people; but whenever one of his people has visited Washington, Mr. Ransom's manner to him has been something beautiful. One who knows him well and sees much of him will catch sometimes a twinkle in his eye as he says extravagantly pleasant things to another. That little disposition to betray himself is the one flaw in Mr. Ransom's equipment as a perfect diplomat.

Mr. Ransom's peculiarity in money matters is one which he shared during his long term in the Senate with many of its most conspicuous members; and which had excellent precedent in the case of Daniel Webster. Like Webster, Mr. Ransom was always without appreciation of the value of money and without the faculty of accumulating it. Though his salary as Minister to Mexico is seventeen thousand five hundred dollars a year, and though the expenses of the Legation at the City of Mexico are much less than this, Mr. Ransom will never save a dollar while he is in office. He simply does not know how to save. Yet he is not an extravagant man and he does not play cards.

Diplomatic life will suit the North Carolinian much better than life in the Senate, in some respects. In the first place, he is not a speechmaker. Physical peculiarities render it impossible for him to take part in debate. The only time he attempted to make an extended speech in the Senate he had to be helped from the Chamber in an exhausted condition. Therefore, though the Senator has a good command of language and is thoroughly informed about all public matters, his appearances on the floor of the Senate have been confined to the introduction of bills or the presentation of reports from committees. In private life Mr. Ransom is a great talker, and he will find an excellent opportunity for conversation in diplomatic life. He is also very fond of society. And if the Mexicans can excel him in paying soft compliments they are past masters in the art.

Mr. Ransom is a brave man. He fought in the Confederate Army until the surrender at Appomattox when he held the rank of Major-General. Before the war he was Attorney-General of North Carolina for four years. He was an excellent lawyer; but since he came to the Senate in 1872 he has given very little attention to practice. His failure to obtain a re-election was due wholly to the fact that the Democrats lost control of the Legislature. He could have had any office in the gift of his party in the State. It was in recognition of this fact and of the service Mr. Ransom had rendered him from time to time in the Senate, as well as in deference to the expressed wishes of the members of the Senate, both Democrats and Republicans, that the President appointed Mr. Ransom to the place made vacant by the death of Isaac P. Gray.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

AMONG HER FRIENDS.

"Have you seen her new boudoir?"
"Yes, she has a lovely one, but she doesn't know how to pronounce it."

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

I did not get the newspaper, ONCE A WEEK, No. 18, wrapper No. 17, 432, February 7, and also the novel, "Peg the Rake," first part. I have just received the second part of the novel and I should like the first half as well, as it seems to be a good book. Please send the paper and novel if possible.

I think a great deal of ONCE A WEEK, and it is like missing an old friend to miss a paper.
Steel Street, East Toledo, Ohio.

MRS. LEVI EATON.

COLONIAL life, especially in the south-lying regions, approximated very nearly that of patriarchal days. The spear, or its successor, the long rifle, fed the household; the spindle, the shuttle furnished forth its clothing. Even after farms were opened, and fat fields and bursting granaries supplemented or superseded the results of the chase in the elements of subsistence, spinning and weaving held their rank of first necessity—and even went on into the region of textile art.

In proof you have but to look through the ancestral treasures of those lucky housewives whose forbears came out of Virginia, Maryland, the two Carolinas, Georgia, or even New Jersey. There you shall see, not visions, but marvels—marvels equally of thrift and industry and cunning work. Nor is the wonder lessened when you reflect that these things came from hands and energies that had beforetime clothed a family, and household, it maybe, in scarlet. Homespun was emphatically the only wear of that day. Though ships sailed the Atlantic, taking out cargoes of Colonial produce and bringing back silks and stuffs and spices, their freight was for the privileged few—the great lower mass of well-to-do folk had mighty small concern with such pomps and vanities. A broadcloth coat was an heirloom, handed down from sire to son. Not less so a silk or tabinet frock, or one of the lustrous bombazine so precious to the souls of elderly ladies.

Yet they were not loutish, nor ill-clad—those forefathers and foremothers of ours. There was the greatest nicety of cut—the sewing rose to the rank of high art. If the homespun was, for the most part, soberly

throw up the checks and stripes of blue, white, copperas and purple. For men's wear, sheep's gray, made by carding black wool with white, was in high favor. So was steel-mixed, for which locks of blue wool were carded with the white and black. The black, too, was generally dyed in the fleece, instead of being the coat of a black sheep—which, through the action of wind and weather, was most commonly a rusty brown.

Silk-mixed was much affected by young women of the better sort. To make it, old silk was raveled up and carded with either wool or cotton, then spun very fine and smooth. By mixing red ravelings with black ones in the lock-cotton it was possible to get a beautiful clouded effect. Shot stuffs, too, were greatly used—as blue warp filled with copperas or with white, or copperas warp with blue or gray, or madder-red filling. The checks and stripes repeated all the patterns of our modern gingham—the simpler ones, that is. But no manufacturer seems to have mastered the mystery of "dice-cloth," in which the mind of our grandmothers took such delight.

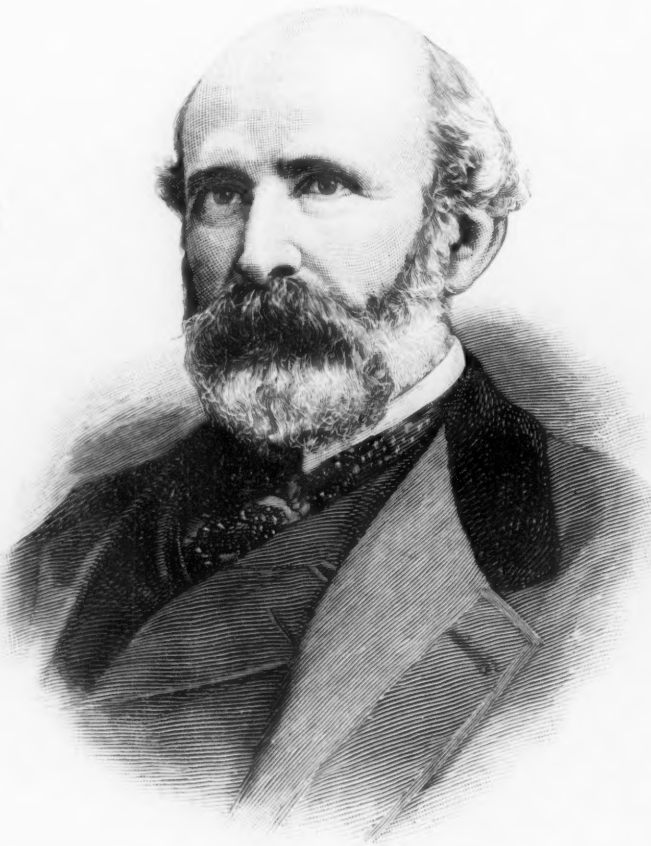
Yet it was not in everyday garments that these dear souls wrought their best. The bed was then the chief furnishing of the house, hence its adornment gave scope for their supremest efforts. It was the time of valances, and tall four-posters. To curtain them with fine net was the darling ambition of many a thrifty house-mother. To compass it, her daughters sat day after day at the netting stirrup; she herself spun unweariedly, or looked to it that her handmaids drew their threads round and smooth and even, or doubled them without a suspicion of lapstrandedness. If beside the bed-curtains she could achieve netted curtains for her windows—the set was called a "stand of curtains"—netted fringes for her valance and toilet, then indeed was she notable among her neighbors.

But curtains, valance, toilet—all sank out of sight beside the counterpane. It was the last flowering of the weaver's art. Honeycomb, huckaback, broken dimity, "M's and O's," diamond, diaper, honeycomb with dimity stripes, "the nine of snowballs," "orange peel," and a dozen more you might have found in every house where the mistress had a proper pride. The counterpanes were of generous size—three yards wide by four and a half long. Beds in that era stood some four feet high, and the counterpane fringe was expected to fall at least a third of the way over the valance. The mattress, a tick filled with fresh straw, or corn husks, rested upon interlaced cords, that had a knack of stretching until the bed became trough-like. Upon the straw bed lay a feather bed, fat and light. Properly made and dressed, the whole thing resembled a corpulent snow-drift, standing so high that every well-furnished chamber boasted a pair of light steps up which you climbed to lay yourself at ease.

Looking over the old looms and wheels and handcards, it seems hard to believe that with such simple tools were wrought the intricate and delicate textures which remain to our own time. It was not every woman of even that strenuous epoch who had the head to become mistress of all the niceties of the trade. In fact, it was proof of superior capacity to be able to "draw in" a new pattern of counterpane. A single thread wrong made a balk throughout the web. The warp threads went through eyes in the sheets of harness and were shifted to place by the action of the treadles to which those sheets were attached. Plain cloth was woven with barely two treadles; jeans required three, and serge four. Most of the counterpane patterns required four, which were used in alternate sets to break the weft properly, thus producing the pattern. Rag carpet was woven as we see it now. Wool carpet had two leading styles. In one the warp of cotton was drawn flat; that is, put two threads at a time through harness and sley, then the woolen weft beaten in so thick as to quite hide the warp. A better way was to have half the warp of wool, the other half of cotton. Then in weaving, when the wool came uppermost, a coarse shoot was thrown in. When the cotton was on top, the weft shoot was fine, but extra strong. If the batten was properly used the resulting fabric was like a coarse Brussels. The pattern was either in stripes or clouded, according to the fancy of the maker.

Professional weavers there were, scattered here and there, but far and away the larger part of these homespun miracles are the handiwork of those who owned them. Nor were these good creatures satisfied with what they could make treadle and shuttle accomplish. One counterpane which I recall has a perfectly plain body surface, through which there is woven, at inch intervals, a thick soft cord half as big as the little finger. And this cord is everywhere drawn up at regular intervals to stand as a small, rich-looking knot upon the surface. The knots form a sort of diamond pattern over part of the spread. In the rest, they are so set as to form a big medallion over the middle of the bed. At one side of the medallion they come up thickly to shape the maker's initials, at the other side those of her husband, and across the foot the date of the weaving—which has long ago passed its centennial. All this patterning was made by drawing up the cord a knot at a time as it was woven in. Tradition avouches that when the lady had woven a half-yard in a long summer day she felt that she was getting on indeed. Such infinite patient labor was surely entitled to the reward of excellence. What makes the achievement the more notable is the fact that the centre medallion had to occupy part of three breadths, yet each moiety of it fits the others to a nicety.

Another spread, even more interesting, is of heavy homespun linen, spun, woven, bleached and embroidered by its present owner's great-grandmother. The weave is perfectly plain, the texture firm yet pliable.



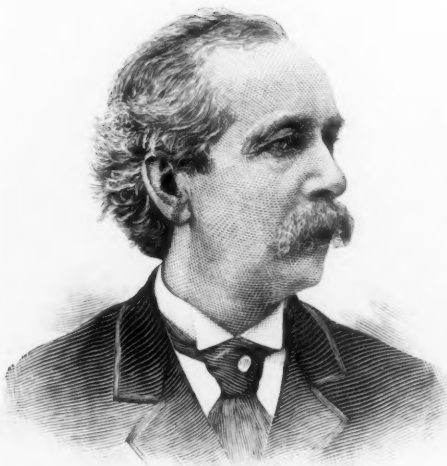
SENATOR MATT W. RANSOM, THE NEW MINISTER TO MEXICO.

colored, it was artistic in its simplicity, and of a texture that made good folds an inevitable corollary. The making of a gentleman's suit—long coat, longer waistcoat, and broadfall knee trousers—approached very nearly to a household solemnity.

Nor was the cutting out of new frocks a thing of light import. Fashion was not less absolute than in our own time. The difference was mainly that it took a new style five years in place of five weeks to percolate from Paris into the backwoods.

Wool, flax, cotton, the farms supplied. Now and again an exceptionally progressive housemother reared colonies of silkworms, and turned their filament into sewing floss and knitting thread. Dyes came mainly from the barks and berries and roots growing so abundantly in forest, field and hedgerow. Indigo was raised at home in all the southerly colonies. The native product was inferior to that of the shops, yet gave a dull blue, deep and rich in tone, that would have sent the modern aesthetic into a spasm of delight. Copperas alone gave a peculiar yellow, something deeper and more crude than nankin. In conjunction with white oak bark it produced an olive-brown hue. Walnut bark and walnut hulls gave respectively light and dark brown, while the root supplied a reddish brown wholly unlike either, and the young nuts plucked in June, just after they formed, a tawny-fulvous tint utterly unclassifiable. Sumach berries in conjunction with walnut hulls gave a dead black, quite unfading; hickory bark with alum dyed wool a very bright greenish yellow. All the family of maples gave varying shades of purple, running from the lightest mode to deep black-purple.

Red was too expensive to be used other than sparingly. To dye it one needs must spend hard cash for madder or cochineal. Turkey red was highly prized; but likewise too costly to be used with a free hand. It came in as a bare thread, here or there, to brighten and



CONGRESSMAN S. S. BARNEY, WISCONSIN.



CONGRESSMAN C. E. COFFIN, MARYLAND.



CONGRESSMAN D. G. COLSON, KENTUCKY.



CONGRESSMAN P. J. OTEY, VIRGINIA.



CONGRESSMAN R. J. GAMBLE, SOUTH DAKOTA.



CONGRESSMAN C. N. BRUMM, PENNSYLVANIA.

OUR CONGRESSIONAL GALLERY.—No. 12.

It is of full size, fringed about with tape-fringe in the heading of which appears the name of the maker, of her sweetheart and the date of their wedding day. In the centre there is a medallion wreath of highly conventionalized oak leaves quite three feet across the longest way. Within the wreath are other oak leaves, on the bough, with acorn clusters and roses—all richly wrought with homespun linen floss. You cannot put two fingers down, indeed, without touching embroidery. The most wonderful thing, though, is the number and variety of stitches displayed. The graduate of an Art Embroidery School admitted that some of them were new to her, and beyond her skill. Outside the oak wreath long vines waver and sprawl until they almost meet the fringe. Yet a single woman's hand—that of one, too, who it is likely was never fifty miles from her birthplace—wrought all that lies between this, and the flax, fresh from the hetchel.

A counterpane thirty years later in date has something the same pattern differently executed. The linen is lighter, but double; the oak wreath more straitly conventionalized. In fact it requires some stretch of imagination to recognize it as an oak leaf wreath. The fringe is of tassels. The maker's initials and the date of making are embroidered in opposite lower corners. In spite of its age, nobody has ever slept

use of it. There I saw it among household odds and ends—the flotsam, scattered and battered, of three generations.

MARTHA MCCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

OUR CONGRESSIONAL GALLERY.

ROBERT JACKSON GAMBLE, of Yankton, S. D., Congressman-at-Large from that State, was born near Akron, Genesee County, N. Y., forty-four years ago. He removed with his parents in 1862 to Dodge County, Wisconsin; was reared on a farm; attended the common schools and fitted himself as a teacher; entered Lawrence University at Appleton, Wis.; taught through part of his course and graduated in 1874. He studied law and was admitted to the Bar in Wisconsin in 1875; removed to Yankton and formed a partnership with his late brother, John R. Gamble, in January, 1876, and they were associated in the practice of law until the death of the latter in August, 1891; continued the practice alone until September, 1894, when he formed a partnership with Mr. C. H. Dillon. He has for some years been a member of the Board of Trustees of Yankton College. The only offices ever held by him were those of District Attorney for the Second Judicial District of the Territory for the year 1880, City Attorney for the city of Yankton for two terms in 1883 and 1884, State Senator in 1885 under the Constitution adopted in that year before the passage of the enabling act by Congress, under which the Territory sought admission into the Union. He was elected as a Republican to the Fifty-fourth Congress, receiving 40,383 votes against 8,102 votes for William A. Lynch, Democrat, and 27,383 votes for John E. Kelley, Independent.

Charles Napoleon Brumm, Republican member of Congress from the Thirteenth District of Pennsylvania, was born at Pottsville in 1838. In 1841 his family moved to Minersville, where he received a common school education, which, in addition to one year's attendance at Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, was all the schooling he obtained. He studied law, but interrupted his practice to serve with distinction in the Civil War. In 1871 he was defeated for the office of District Attorney, and in 1878 as the Republican candidate for Congress in a strong Democratic district he was defeated by Hon. John J. Ryan. But he was elected to and served ably in the Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses, and will sit in the Fifty-fourth from his old district.

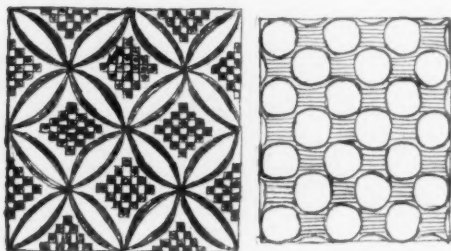
David Grant Colson, of Middlesborough, Ky., Representative-elect from the Eleventh District of that State, was born in 1861 at Yellow Creek (now Middlesborough), in Knox (now Bell) County, Kentucky. He attended the common schools, and, for a short time, academies at Fawcett and Mossy Creek, Tenn.; taught school, and while thus engaged read law; took the junior course in law in the Kentucky University in 1879-80; and went to Washington in September, 1882, from which time until June 30, 1886, he was a special examiner in the Pension Bureau of the Interior Department of the United States Government. He returned to Kentucky in 1887, and in that year was elected to the Kentucky House of Representa-

tives, the session of 1887-8; was the Republican nominee for State Treasurer in 1889, but was defeated by Hon. Stephen D. Sharp, the Democratic nominee; was elected Mayor of Middlesborough November, 1893, for four years, which position he resigned to accept a seat in the Fifty-fourth Congress. He is an energetic Republican. He was elected by 14,628 votes against 10,932 votes for Hon. George F. Stone, the Democratic nominee, and 4,975 votes for Hon. Silas Adams, of the Fifty-third Congress, Independent.

Wisconsin sends to the coming Congress an able Republican in the person of Samuel S. Barney, the new Representative from the Fifth District of that State. Mr. Barney was born in Hartford, Washington County, Wis., January 31, 1846; educated in the public schools and at Lombard University, Galesburg, Ill.; taught the high school in Hartford for four years; began the study of law at West Bend with Hon. L. F. Frisby, late Attorney-General of Wisconsin, in 1870; was admitted to practice in 1873, and has practiced his profession at West Bend ever since. He filled the office of Superintendent of Schools of Washington County from 1876 to 1880; was the Republican candidate for Congress in 1884 in the old Fifth District, against General Bragg; in the same year was a delegate to the National Republican Convention at Chicago; has held no other public office.

Virginia sends a well-known Democrat to represent her Sixth Congressional District in the Fifty-fourth Congress in the person of Peter J. Otey. He was born in Lynchburg, in 1840. His great-grandfather was John Otey, of New Kent, captain in the Revolutionary War; he is the grandson of Major Isaac Otey, who represented Bedford and Franklin Counties for thirty years in the Senate of Virginia; and son of Captain John M. Otey, who served in the War of 1812. Mr. Otey was graduated at the Virginia Military Institute in 1860; chose the profession of engineering, and when the war broke out was assistant engineer in the Virginia and Kentucky railroads under the eminent Frenchman, Colonel Claudius Crozet. In April, 1861, with six brothers and one brother-in-law he entered the Confederate Army as Second Lieutenant of Infantry; was severely wounded, and finally captured one month before the surrender. He has since the war been prominent in railroading, banking, real estate and insurance, and active in politics since 1869, never holding political office of any kind till elected to Congress.

Charles E. Coffin, Congressman from Maryland's Fifth District, was born in Boston in 1841, and was educated at Boston High School and Chauncey Hall, of same city. He removed to Maryland in 1863 and engaged in the manufacture of pig iron. In 1884 Mr. Coffin represented Prince George's County in the Maryland House of Delegates, and served as a member of the Ways and Means Committee. He was elected to the State Senate in 1889, and served during the session of 1890-92. He was elected in November, 1894, to fill the unexpired term of Barnes Compton in the National House of Representatives; also to the Fifty-fourth Congress. He resides at Muirkirk, in Prince George's County.



THE ORANGE PEEL PATTERN.

M'S AND O'S.

under it. It was begun by a widowed mother as a wedding gift for her only son. His lady-love played him false—by consequence he could never bear the sight of anything which recalled his lost happiness. So the spread was packed away, unused until he died, a crusty bachelor. At his sale it passed into the hands of another bachelor, who was killed by the stumbling of his horse the day after it came into his possession. His nephew and heir in some fashion connected the death with the cloth of disappointment. Being too afraid to make use of it, and too thrifty to either throw or give it away, the counterpane lay untouched, until a chance stranger saw and bought it, for the sum of one dollar. The purchaser took it home to his wife in high feather; but she, upon hearing its history, at once sent it to the attic, declaring no power on earth or in the heavens above the earth could persuade her it was safe to make

EXCLUSIVELY FEMININE

PATTERNS FOR HOME DRESS-MAKING.

SHOET jackets for the spring! This is the latest dictum of Dame Fashion, and is, doubtless, but the logical consequence of organ-plaited skirts. Those imposing tubular decorations which are now the chief glory of the back view of every well-dressed woman refuse to be concealed under the long paddock coats that have been in such high favor all winter; the new models are all short, full-bosqued affairs, the hem describing a very wavy line around the hips. They have a decided smartness about them, but of the jaunty order, as distinguished from the quiet elegance of their predecessors. It is a good plan to have the basques of street dresses for the spring built on the same lines as one of these new coats, and it can then be made to do double duty. A suitable pattern for such a basque is shown in No. 6313 on this page. The original garment was made of dahlia-colored crepon, stylishly trimmed with velvet of the same shade, and narrow silk soutache braid, but it would look even better in plain or mixed cheviot, tweed, serge, vicuna, camel's-hair covert cloth, or any of the fashionable woollen materials now so deservedly popular. With these a plain tailor finish should be used in place

in godet folds from the graceful shaping arranged in small back turning plaits at the waistline. An entire absence of decoration is the favored mode for skirts



6348—LADIES' WAIST
6323—PAQUIN SKIRT

of this kind, which are made up in the many varieties of crepon, moire, velvet, plain and brocaded satin, vicuna and other fabrics, to wear with separate fancy waists. The Bodice, No. 6348, is cut in five sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Skirt, No. 6323, is cut in five sizes: viz., 22, 24, 26, 28 and 40 inches waist measure.

No. 6349 shows a Lady's Yoke Shirt Waist, of a most convenient and comfortable pattern. The original of this model was made of figured percale in pale lavender and green on a buff ground; but it would look even prettier in white or light striped shirting or French batiste. The front and back are gathered and joined to a square, shallow, seamless yoke that fits smoothly over the shoulders. The stylish box-plait on the right front laps over the left, and is fastened with tiny gold studs. The waist is gathered in at the belt, the lower portion being worn under the skirt, as shown, or over it, as preferred. The shirt-sleeves display the fashionable fullness that distinguishes



6313—LADIES' BASQUE.

of the decoration here shown. The vest, which is included in the under-arm seams, can be buttoned in the centre front with small buttons and buttonholes, or closed to the neck invisibly with hooks and eyes as preferred. A close curate collar finishes the neck. The back of the basque is coat-hashed, having coat laps and plaits below the waistline, marked at the top with large buttons to match those that decorate the fronts. Stylishly shaped lapels decorate the fronts of the basque, and meet the rolling collar in notches. The full-topped gigot sleeves are stylishly decorated at the wrists with velvet and braid. Pattern 6313 is cut in five sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

Perforated silks and chiffons have been a rage during the winter for ball-gowns and blouses, and have certainly proved one of the most charming novelties we have seen for a long time. The manufacturers are now giving us perforated cloths for street gowns which are rapidly achieving popularity. The bodice of the Ladies' Toilet shown below is a happy example of the charming possibilities that lie in perforated cloth. The colors blended in this smart costume are a rich prune, with leaf-green satin lining showing through the perforations, and a brocaded taffeta, into which both these shades enter. The skirt and sleeve puffs are of the taffeta, the bodice and lower sleeves being of the perforated cloth. The satin waist lining is rendered glove-fitting by the double bust darts and other seams necessary in the foundation of a perfectly smooth waist, and closes in the centre front. The perforated cloth is slightly full at the neck and waistline front and back, and can be arranged over the lining to close either in front or at the shoulder and under-arm seams, as preferred. The crush collar and belt of satin have corresponding loops and close at the left side. The Paquin skirt of taffeta presents the fashionable undulating ripples at the sides, the back flaring



6349—LADIES' SHIRT WAIST

the season's modes. They are gathered on the upper and lower edges, and finished at the wrists with square wristbands that are joined in the back with links. A turned-down collar, that is mounted on a shaped band and can be made adjustable, finishes the neck; a bow necktie of black satin, tied by hand, is worn with it, and a black silk ribbon belt with a silver buckle. The simple construction of this charming waist, which makes it easily laundered, renders it especially suitable for all cotton wash fabrics, such as cotton cheviot, Madras shirting, cambric, chambray, sateen, nainsook, lawn or dimity. Wristbands, collar and yoke are neatly finished with machine stitching. Pattern 6349 is cut in six sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

A truly lovely tea-gown is shown in No. 6357. The material used is pale leaf-green cashmere, the deep, star-shaped collar being of fancy striped satin in harmonizing shades of pink and green, the edges trimmed with a quilling of pink satin ribbon. A deep frill of creamy lace falls from under the points of the collar all around, a bow of pink satin ribbon is tied at the throat, and a girdle of the same ribbon confines the fullness at the waistline. The full fronts and back are arranged over a fitted lining,

the under-arm gores insuring a smooth adjustment over the hips. Full stylish puffs are charmingly arranged over fitted sleeves that can be finished at the elbow with frills of lace, as shown, or with close-fitting lower portions to the wrists, the pattern providing for both styles. Various combinations of material and color can be effected by this design, which is equally well adapted for wool, silk or cotton fabrics. The lace and ribbon can be omitted if a less fanciful finish is desired, and the gown can be made up with or without the fitted lining. Pattern 6357 is cut in six sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.



6357—LADIES' TEA GOWN

An extremely useful adjunct to a woman's wardrobe is a comfortable and becoming Lounging Jacket, such as the one shown in No. 6358, made of striped eider down, in blue and cream, stylishly combined with cream faced cloth that is used for the collar, cuffs and pockets, which are further decorated with designs in blue silk embroidery. Frogs of blue silk cord are used to close the loose-fitting fronts, the free edges showing a narrow bias binding of the cloth stitched on with blue silk. Other becoming shades of color, and different materials and com-

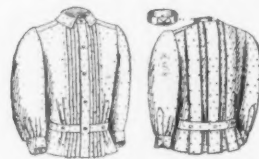


6358—LADIES' LOUNGING JACKET

binations can be employed to make jackets of this kind. The simple construction makes the design a favorite with ladies of good taste, its tidy appearance and utility being beyond question. Silks, plain or quilted, with paddock linings, French

flannel, in the plain or handsomely figured varieties, camel's-hair, outing or Ladies' cloth, cashmere, or other woollen fabrics, will all make pretty jackets. It is also suitable for the cotton wash fabrics that will so soon be in demand, and the addition of pretty frills of embroidery or lace will add to its daintiness. The simple shape will make laundering easy, thus insuring its popularity. Pattern 6358 is cut in five sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

Mothers will appreciate the new pattern of Shirt Waist for Boys shown in 6365. The original was made of dotted percale in red and white. The centre box-plait that displays the studs or buttons used in closing is offset by a cluster of three side plaits on each front, the back being arranged in three single box-plaits. The simple shaping is accomplished by under-arm and shoulder seams, straps that are stitched on each side giving extra strength to the shoulder. Two styles of collar are provided



6365—BOYS' SHIRT WAIST

by the pattern, which are made adjustable, the waist being provided with a narrow neckband. The waist is slightly gathered under the belt, which is provided with buttons at intervals to properly support the knee trousers. Comfortable shirt-sleeves are slashed at the back, provided with extra lap portions, and finished with cuffs that close with buttons or studs. Striped, checked, figured or plain white linen, muslin, cambric, gingham, madras, or outing cloth, are all used for boy's waists in this style, and mothers all find it economy to have them made up at home by this pattern. Pattern 6365 is cut in five sizes: viz., 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 year.

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A HAT which is shown by a swagger milliner in Paris has an owl's head over the forehead, with large wings standing out on each side. The rest of the hat is of purple velvet with additional smaller wings of chiffon. It would take a vast amount of prettiness to stand such a head-gear. A prettier creation is a toque of sealskin with flaring wings of aubergine chiffon, and sprawling asters falling on the hair. A hat of twisted sable bands, and puffs and wings of yellow gauze, has on one side of the narrow brim a cluster of dainty humming-birds. Stamped and perforated felts are effectively made up over colored velvets.

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CHESS.

THE annual meeting of the New York State Chess Association on Washington's Birthday must be reckoned one of the most successful ever held. The assembly room of the United Charities Building was visited during the day by almost every chess player of note in the metropolis and many from all parts of the State. The State championship was competed for by fourteen first-class players, and the general tournament included eighteen amateurs.

In the final round for the championship D. G. Baird, of the Manhattan Chess Club, scored four points, beating Showalter, A. B. Hodges and J. S. Ryan, and carrying off a prize in addition to the honors of the day. Baird's success was hailed with delight by his friends, who were pleased to see the Manhattan champion of by-gone seasons return to his old form. A game which was watched with more than a little interest in the final round was that between Showalter and Hodges, two opponents who have never satisfactorily settled which is the better man. Showalter won his game after forty-seven moves, opening with the Ruy Lopez.

E. Sobernheim was the winner of the first prize in the general tournament. Five succeeding players, Buz, Roething, Napier, Langelben and Lipchuetz, made equal scores and divided four other prizes. Mr. S. Loyd, the famous problem composer, set an original three-move problem which was solved by L. Hein, of the City Chess Club, in twenty minutes. At the business meeting of the State Association, Mr. Howard J. Rogers, of Albany, was elected president, and Mr. A. B. Hodges, of Staten Island, secretary.

A MASTERS' GAME.

The following was one among many interesting games played at the Hastings (England) Chess Festival in January last. Messrs. Blackburne and Bird were the principal masters present. Vienna opening:

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Blackburne.	Bird.	Blackburne.	Bird.
1 P-K 4	P-K 4	23 Kt-R 2	K-R 8 sq
2 Kt-Q B 3	B-B 4	24 Q-K 2	R-R 8 sq
3 B-B 4	P-Q R 3	25 Q-R 3	Q-R 8 sq (g)
4 Kt-B 3	Kt-Q B 3	26 Q-R 2	B-Q sq
5 P-Q 3	P-Q 3	27 R x P	R x R
6 B-K Kt 5	Kt-B 3 (a)	28 Q x R	Q x Q
7 Kt-Q 5	B-K 3	29 R x Q	R x P
8 B x Kt	P x B	30 K-B sq	B-B 2
9 Kt-R 4	P-Kt 4	31 K-K 2	B-K 3
10 B-K 3	Kt-Q 5	32 R-R 7	K-B sq
11 P-Q B 3	Kt x B	33 Kt-Q 6 ch	K-Q 2 (h)
12 P x Kt	P-B 3	34 Kt-B 5	R-K Kt sq
13 Kt-K 3 (b)	P-K R 4	35 P-Kt 3	R-Kt sq
14 Q-Kt 5	P-Q 4	36 Kt-Kt 7	K-Q sq (j)
15 Q-B 2 (c)	B-K B 3	37 Q-Kt-K 8	R-B sq (j)
16 Castles	Q-Kt 3	38 Kt x B P	P-R 5
17 P-Q 4	P-Q 5 (d)	39 P-Kt 4	K-K 2
18 P-B 5 (e)	Q-B 2	40 P-Kt 5	K-B 3
19 P-Q Kt 4	K-Q 2 (f)	41 Kt x B ch	P x Kt
20 R-R 5	B-K 2	42 P-Kt 6	K-K 2
21 K-R 8 sq	Q-Kt 2	43 R x B ch	R-R 2
22 P-Q Kt 3	Q-R 2	44 P-Kt 7	Resigns.

NOTES BY JAMES MASON.

(a) Black plays an unequal opening. He is already behind time in his piece movements, whence a badly doubled pawn, with bishops vs. knights in an unfavorable position. It would now in all probability be better to play Kt-K 2, to shun these things, the open file being no sort of compensation.

(b) In the main white's advantage is that he has a good ending knight vs. bishop to look forward to, if all else fails. For this reason black is loth to part with one of his bishops. To keep the two working together, whether well or ill, seems by far the best plan.

(c) It would very likely be premature to check and take the pawn. There is not much missed by waiting.

(d) Perhaps 17—P-Kt 5 would be slightly preferable.

(e) If black takes this pawn, either way, then K-R 8 sq and R x B P eventually follows. But this might easily be no worse for the defender than the course actually chosen.

(f) If 19—P-R 4; 20 P x P, R x P; 21 P-Q Kt 4, and white will command the file.

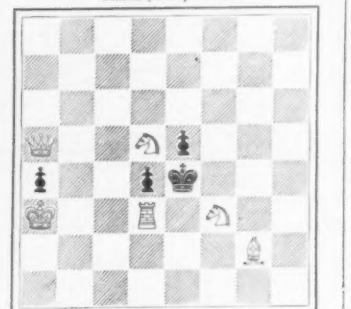
(g) A very curious situation. Black must give up the rook pawn. The one he gets in exchange is scarcely an equivalent.

(h) Much stronger appears to be, 33 Kt-K 7 ch.

(i) He should take the knight, continuing 34—Kt-Kt sq, and 35—R-Q B sq (or Q sq), with every chance of drawing.

(j) The game is lost in many ways, but the actual manner of it is uncommon and uncommonly instructive.

PROBLEM NO. 17.—By AUGUSTUS H. GANSSER, Bay City, Mich.



WHITE (six pieces). White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 14. By W. A. SHENKMAN, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Key-move.—R-R 8; if K x Kt, R-R 8; K-K 4, R-R 5 mate, or K-Kt 3, B-K 4 mate; if R-R 2, B-K 3, K-R, B-B 3 ch, mate.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. H. GANSSER, president of the Y. M. C. A. Chess Association of Saginaw Valley, Mich., in an

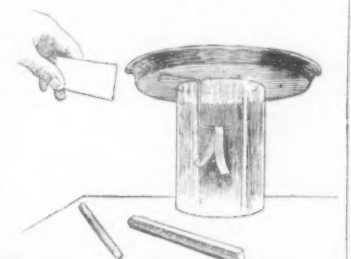
appreciative letter sends correct solutions to Problems Nos. 13 and 14, and also forwards the Problem published above, in which solvers will find several neat mates. For letter and problem Mr. Gansser will accept thanks.
R. T. E., Oberlin, O.—Study the solutions to Nos. 11 and 14 and you will see where your attempted solutions fail. Try again with No. 16.
C. K. D., Abbeville, La.—There is something amiss with the notation of your problem. Send a diagram. The solution to a first-class problem should never commence with a direct check.
M. Vanderveen, Grand Rapids, Mich.—Solution to No. 13 correct.

SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

AN ELECTROSCOPE.

BEND a piece of iron wire in the form of a Z, having two right angles, as shown in the drawing. Rest the upper horizontal branch on the rim of a glass, and place over it a plate of tin or any other metal. The vertical branch should not touch the glass, and across the lower horizontal branch should be placed a strip of tinfoil folded in the middle. If now you rub a glass rod, or a stick of sealing-wax, with a piece of woolen stuff, and then hold either close to the edge of the plate, you will perceive the two ends of the tinfoil recoil violently from one another, as they do in the apparatus known to scientists as the gold-leaf electroscope. With the electroscope you have just constructed you will be able to determine not only whether or not bodies are charged with electricity, but also with what kind of electricity (positive or negative) they are charged.

For instance, hold a piece of paper that has been well dried, and previously



charged with electricity by vigorous rubbing with a brush, close to the plate, as in the cut, and while the ends of the tinfoil fly and remain apart, under the influence of the paper, touch the plate with the finger. The ends fall back; but if you remove your finger, and afterward the paper, they fly apart once more.

The apparatus is then charged with an opposite electricity to that of the body.

To ascertain what kind is this electricity, bring the glass rod (after rubbing with flannel) close to the plate, moving it slowly. You will perceive the distance between the ends of tinfoil increasing; this is an indication that the electricity in the electroscope is of the same kind as that of the glass, which is positive. The paper was therefore charged with the opposite, or negative electricity. Conversely, if the distance between the ends diminished, it would follow that the agent used was charged with positive electricity.

FOR THE INNER MAN.

By "A BLUE APRON."

ROAST PHEASANT.—Truss a pheasant as for boiling and put it into a stewpan with half a pound of streaky bacon cut in squares of about one inch thick. Shake in one ounce of flour, add a clove of garlic. Fry these over the fire until the pheasant has become brown all over, then pour off the grease, add two Spanish onions and four ripe tomatoes, two glasses of cooking sherry, pepper and salt to taste; put the lid on and set the stewpan over the fire to cook slowly for about three-quarters of an hour, shaking it occasionally so as to turn the bird about. This is a delicious way of cooking all kinds of game and poultry; indeed, most kinds of meat are excellent when dressed à la Gitana or gypsy fashion.

PEAR CHARLOTTE.—Peel, core and remove the pips from one pound of nice pears (tinned ones will do), and cut them in moderately thin slices. Butter a pretty china fire-proof dish and line it with fine bread-crumbs. Place a layer of the pears at the bottom and sprinkle with sugar; next put a layer of bread-crumbs and tiny bits of butter, then a layer of raisins and candied peel, and so on, until the dish is full, ending with a covering of crumbs. Cover the whole with a sheet of buttered paper and bake in a slow oven for half an hour. Serve hot.

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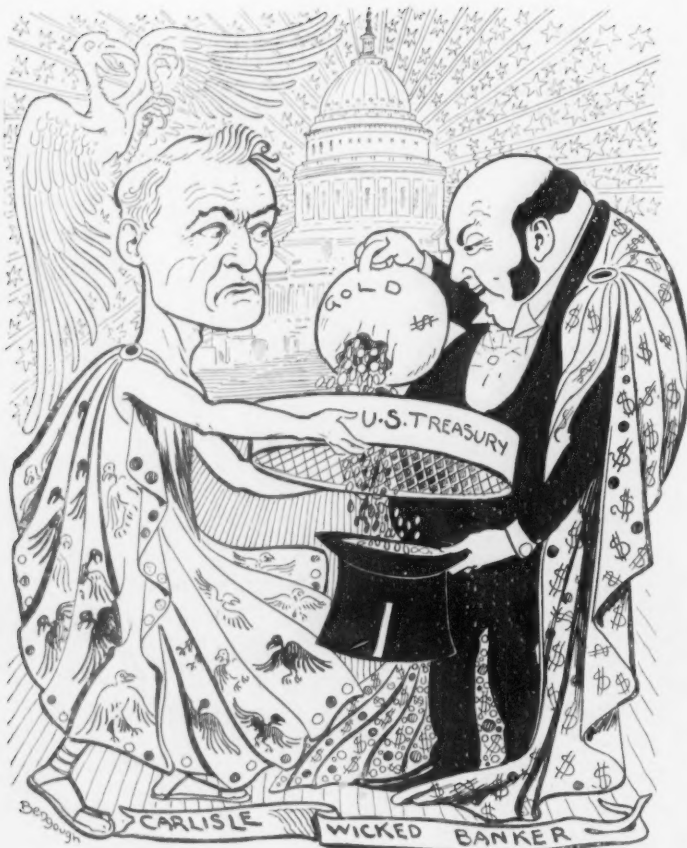
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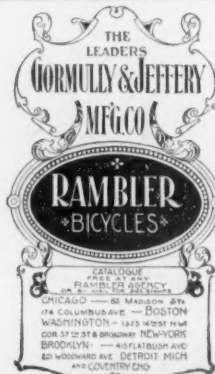


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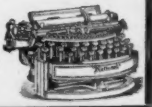


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